

# QUARTERLY

A person with dark hair, seen from the back, is painting a large canvas on an easel. The canvas depicts a stone building with a cross on its roof and a tower. The person is holding a paintbrush and a palette. The background is a blurred outdoor setting.

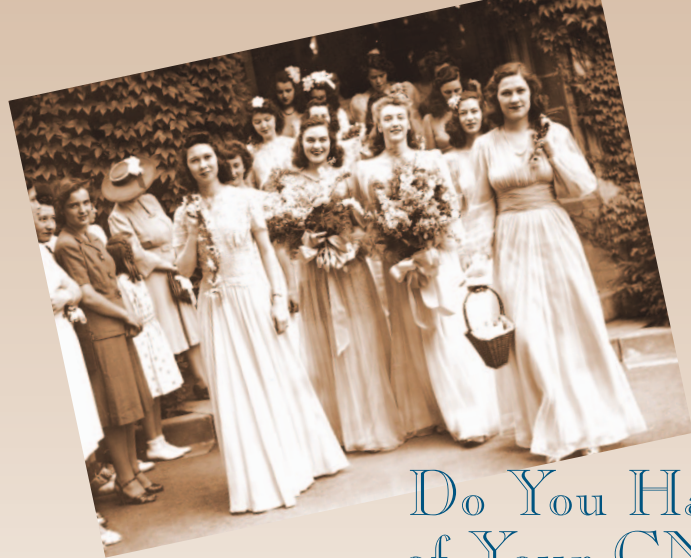
The College of New Rochelle Alumnae/i Magazine

Spring 2003 | Volume 75 | No. 1

**Reaching  
Beyond the  
Obvious**  
Exploring Our  
Creative Selves

(Story on Page 2)





## Do You Have Fond Memories of Your CNR Years to Share?

Whether you graduated from CNR 5, 10, 25, or even 50 or more years ago, we invite you to share your memories of your CNR years with us. During the College's centennial year, which will begin in September 2003, we will produce numerous publications commemorating the first 100 years of CNR, and who better to tell us what those years were like than the students who experienced them firsthand. So, send

your remembrances of the Daisy Chain, Swimphony, the Strawberry Festival, your favorite professor, your roommate, ELI, what it was like to attend CNR during the Depression, World War II, or the turbulent '60s, how CNR has made a difference in your life, or any other memory you'd like to share. We hope to receive many submissions, so we will have a wealth to choose from. Start sending your remembrances now.

*Remembrances may be sent by mail to CNR Remembrances, c/o Quarterly, Office of Communications,  
29 Castle Place, New Rochelle, NY 10805 or by email to [Lcarpinelli@cnr.edu](mailto:Lcarpinelli@cnr.edu).*

*Be sure to include your full name (first, maiden, and last), your school, class year, and a contact number in case we have questions.*

## ✉ mailbox

### Dispelling the Myths of Grief

As an alumna of CNR, I have always been proud of the many accomplishments of the College and its programs. However, nothing in my past experience of the College could have exceeded my expectations quite like the Winter issue of *Quarterly*. The only way I can describe this issue is "stunning."

I regret that my travels during my 30th Reunion weekend did not lead me to Dr. Kenneth Doka's lecture. What a gift and a grace that must have been for those fortunate enough to attend. But what my husband and I were fortunate enough to experience was the love and the consolation of my classmates at an extremely difficult time for us — the anniversary of our only child's death from cancer on June 9, 1999 — the day of the reunion.

Everything in Dr. Doka's article — and each of the subsequent articles in this magnificent issue — rings with the clarity of truth. His points about disenfranchisement of tragedy, learning to cope, growing up and growing down we have experienced personally without

knowing how to label it. Our presence there at the College that day was very much like "going through the pinch." Julia's cancer symptoms first manifested when she attended my 25th Reunion weekend. Walking the same paths that we walked with her did not bring the turmoil and emotional upheaval I dreaded but only peace and a wonderful sense of wellness. I was so pleased that we made the decision to come home.

Thank you for this outstanding and truly stunning issue of *Quarterly*, which I am sharing with many friends who also experience grief as an integral part of even the most day-to-day activities. Having to say "good-bye" to a community, a friend, a place, a project, a relationship — all these things we experience but fail to recognize as "grief" in our cultural framework — have awakened me to a heightened awareness of what grief truly means and our need as a society to acknowledge it for what it is — a way to heal. Thank you, Dr. Doka, and to all the contributors to this important issue who helped dispel the myths!

*Mary DiCorpo Petrino SAS'72*

### Bringing Light to a Troubled World

The Winter 2003 *Quarterly* is the finest ever published by CNR. Your compassionate focus on those affected by September 11 calls us to never forget and to appreciate the many people who helped. The bravery and determination of Julie Siard McMahon, a member of both the CNR family and "the families" of the victims, brings some light to this troubled world. I myself, as a senior disaster official with the Federal Emergency Management Agency, responded to the World Trade Center attacks on September 11 and worked through the end of March, helping to deliver a wide range of federal assistance to my beloved New York City and the many victims of those attacks. Then and now, everywhere I go, every time I speak to groups about September 11, I hear more and more stories about the many people who helped in so many ways from across the country and around the world. Thank you for telling some of these stories.

*Marianne Cunilio Jackson '64*

# QUARTERLY

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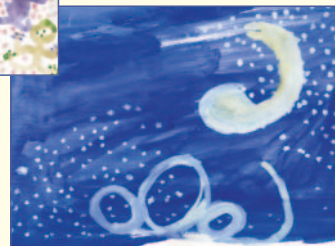
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Exploring Our  
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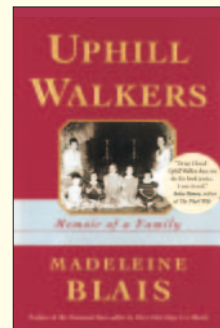
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**A Spotlight on Creativity**



Cover Photo: Ping Xu GS'03 demonstrates her creativity on canvas as she completes a painting of the College's Leland Castle. Photo by Peter Finger.



# REACHING BEYOND THE OBVIOUS:





# EXPLORING OUR CREATIVE SELVES

Educator Docia Zavitkovsky tells the story of Sasha, a little girl who crawls into her parents' bed in the middle of the night. Her mother wakes to find Sasha in her bathing suit, pajamas, jeans, and parka. When she asks Sasha why she has all those clothes on, Sasha replies, "Because I want to be ready to go wherever my dreams take me."

Sasha embodies perhaps the greatest component of a creative spirit — imagination. An imaginative spirit, coupled with a willingness to risk following a dream, can be a powerful and fascinating force. The child dancing in circles with a favorite doll; the baker twisting dough into fragrant, braided loaves; the nurse applying holistic touch; the teacher guiding students through the magic of Shakespeare — creativity, in its varied manifestations, is as palpable as it is ethereal.

Psychologists and educators alike today recognize the importance of nurturing creativity, which is encouraged in childhood but often discouraged in later years, for personal development, education, and career choices. They also warn of the psychological danger in denying or suppressing our creative selves, living inside the box with only paradigms to guide us. And, though creativity was once considered to be confined to the performing or fine arts arena, society now appreciates the benefits of fostering creativity in the corporate world, health-care field, educational settings, and other sectors.

"Creativity, encompassing both the spontaneous and the thoughtful, is not simply the ability to paint, dance, write, or play an instrument," says Katy McEntegart '56. "It is the individual mind

reaching beyond the obvious." Retired after teaching art for almost 40 years, McEntegart believes that everyone is born with inherent creative gifts. Therefore, creativity is not taught but awakened. "It is the individual who fuses the basic elements and the potential of the media into art," she says.

"Creativity is a basic life skill," says Dr. Susan Baum, Professor of Education in the Graduate School. "Those with a creative spirit are more likely to take risks, see things in new ways, enjoy novelty, and advocate for change and growth."

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With more than 30 years' experience in the classroom, including work with the gifted and those with special needs, Dr. Baum is deeply immersed in the creative craft in every aspect of her life. "Creativity," she says, "is the force within each of us that allows us to find original solutions to problems, to fall in love passionately with a topic, do something new and different with it to make a difference, to live our lives fully and flexibly."

Much has changed since years ago when very little was being offered in the

schools in terms of art or creative programs: "Just that one poor woman, traveling one day a week to each of the parochial schools with her crayons and pastels," says McEntegart. Because fostering creativity in children was not a major part of most schools' curriculum in those days, parents' encouragement was key to making sure that their children pursued opportunities to develop their talents.

Today, although constantly faced with dwindling budgets that threaten the elimination of art and music programs, school systems nationwide recognize the importance of identifying, addressing, and developing creative giftedness. But, while the benefits of programs for special ed and gifted students are undeniable, in the opinion of some, there is a student population in danger of being overlooked.

"Educators, in their zeal to provide opportunities for all students, are sensitive to the needs of the extremes, the special ed and gifted students, but at times forget those in the middle," says McEntegart, who taught many mainstreamed classes. "As those students on the extreme ends of the spectrum and their special needs are mainstreamed into traditional classrooms, it can often become the middle-of-the-road, average students who are shortchanged because of the finite limits of class time."

According to the Graduate School's Assistant Professor of Education/Special Ed Dr. Kristin Berman, "We have a tendency in our schools and our society to address weaknesses and remediate. We rarely look at strengths and try to build on them."

Also problematic is the fact that too

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## Reaching Beyond the Obvious

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many children are being labeled because schools have created a very narrow environment where only two kinds of intelligences are valued – math and linguistic – when, in fact, some of the most valuable attributes in society cannot be measured quantitatively. Often the reason special ed students don't test well is simply because they interpret questions differently. "They're the square pegs in the round holes — they just see the world in another way," says Dr. Berman. In addition, she explains that certain characteristics attributed to creative or gifted children, such as hypersensitivities of imagination and sensual touch, are often diagnosed as problems, but if nurtured and given the right kind of environment they can become great assets.

To illustrate her point, Dr. Berman shares the story of a 15-year-old boy in special ed, whose overall IQ was measured as 88, but who scored in the 99th percentile plus on the Test for Creativity. A graduate student who had administered the test brought the boy's drawings to her attention. "I've never seen such incredible, creative drawings," says Dr. Berman. "Out of little props of just squiggles, he created this incredible collage of shapes and whirls. It was powerful." Believing this boy, and others like him, need an advocate, she says, "I think any talent has to have an advocate and a mentor at some point in time. With help, maybe there's a niche for him somewhere."

In the classroom, Dr. Baum believes that integrating creative thinking skills allows all students to apply knowledge as well as become producers of new knowledge. She firmly believes that "there will be no advances in any discipline if we don't encourage creativity."

Beyond the classroom, the importance of play cannot be discounted. Addressing its importance in gaining knowledge, researcher Dr. Robert Root-Bernstein writes that play is "the one mental quality that facilitates discovery..." and "cultivates a degree of chaos aimed at revealing the unusual or the unexpected." Dr. Baum wholeheartedly agrees: "Play is a precursor to discovery and idea finding."

And just as they did years ago, parents play an integral role in a child's creative development. At home, Dr. Baum raised her three children, all now working in creative fields, to value creativity. "I think the finest gift I have given my children is to feel free to follow their dreams and be creative."

Unfortunately, while many of the toys on the market today appeal to a child's imagination, they fall short of stimulating the imagination and often inhibit the growth of a child's creativity and wonderment. And though research asserts that "creativity happens best under the worst conditions almost in a revolutionary or reactionary way," Dr.



*Painting is the medium through which Ping Xu GS'03 displays her creativity.*

Baum fears that if we don't let our children have the freedom to play on their own, if we insist that they use their toys just as they have been intended, "not mixing up pieces," we could constrain creativity.

McEntegart concurs: "Childhood memories are memories of our creative selves, of games never played the same way twice, of the crayon in the hand. When I was small, playtime was magical. I remember thinking that I couldn't possibly go to kindergarten — I was just too busy."

In the words of the legendary artist Georgia O'Keeffe, "Creativity is not the work of art; it's the art of work." From Wall Street to Broadway, successful executives and artists alike share a common trait – creative leadership – and a common process. This creative process, according to Dr. Berman, who has done extensive research on the lives of stage directors and performing artists, involves several stages and is integral to leadership in any forum, be it the arts, politics, the military, or sports. The first is a very solitary, preparatory stage, the time of deepest research, followed by the collaborative stage. Here, an effective leader knows how to balance both ends, loosening the reins enough to encourage others to create while never losing his or her original vision. And the final stage? "Well, in the theater, it's the performance; on the playing field, it's the opening game," says Dr. Berman. "But, regardless of the venue, if the creative process is successful, there is a transformation and transcendence as the director, the teacher, the coach, whomever, steps back and lets the group perform."

From the classroom to the boardroom, problem solving and conflict-resolution skills are being taught to students and professionals alike, using creativity as a foundation for positive change. Addressing the use of creativity in problem solving, Dr. Baum states: "One cause of stress is failure to find solutions to events that are causing your problems. Problem solving is an important life skill. Unfortunately, most people are not taught how to use their creativity. In fact, we are often discouraged from using our divergent thinking skills to generate a plethora of ideas from which the best solution to the problem appears."

As grief and bereavement experts teach us, the way in which we respond to tragedies, loss, or death can also be part of a creative process. Research supports the theory that people who look at tragedy as an opportunity to create something new or see a new beginning in the end of something else, live longer and healthier lives than those who remain in a prolonged state of mourning and grieving. "Pain is inevitable," says Dr. Berman. "Suffering is a choice."



I believe that how we choose to deal with suffering determines whether our lives will be lived in a creative way.”

Today, we recognize that creativity is expressed in countless ways, from the magnificent to the austere, by curious individuals of all ages, from every walk of life, every faction of society. It is a life force, a process, and a gift that enriches and transforms the spirit. According to Dr. Berman, it’s discovering “the flow,” a wonderful state of being completely in the moment and totally engaged in whatever you’re doing. “And, when time

drops away, it’s a high state of joy.”

Finally, we return to the story of Sasha who wanted to be “ready to go” wherever her dreams took her. Creativity is the reason airplanes glide through the sky, a communications revolution started with the invention of the telephone, a simple instrument called the compass still guides us today, and creative thinkers such as Gandhi and Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. dared to introduce a new way to deal with conflict resolution. Creativity is a come-as-you-are party. No special dress required.

*Irene Villaverde, Communications Liaison in the College’s Office of Communications, is Class Notes Editor and a staff writer for Quarterly.*

*Mary Whalen, who works in the Human Services Division of the College’s Graduate School, has authored more than 50 articles on disabled populations that have appeared in numerous national publications. She is also an adjunct professor in the School of New Resources. ■*

## TAKING A CREATIVE APPROACH TO WELLNESS

One of Dr. Dorothy Larkin’s first patients at the University of Virginia Burn Center was a young woman with severe burns on much of her body. The frequent changing of her bandages was a terribly painful process, dulled only by analgesics.

“One day as I was removing bandages, I began to use my voice to guide her into self-hypnosis, using progressive relaxation, imagery, and therapeutic suggestions,” says Dr. Larkin. “I asked her to imagine a place she wanted to go to feel calm and peaceful. Each time, whether she chose a beach, a lake, or floating on a cloud, it was always her choice, her image.”

They used this holistic therapy every time the bandages were changed. Finally, one day, at the patient’s request, using self-hypnosis alone, they performed the routine without any pain medication – and without discomfort to the patient. “After I removed the last bandage, she said, ‘I can’t believe I just did that!’” Through a creative holistic process, the patient was no longer simply a passive recipient, but a full participant in promoting her own comfort and recovery.

Regarded by many health professionals as one of the most creative approaches to wellness, modalities in holistic nursing can include self-hypnosis, therapeutic touch, imagery, music, sound, reflexology, Reiki, and meditation to facilitate the healing process.

Dr. Larkin, author of articles on subjects such as hypnosis and therapeutic suggestions for managing pain and stress, practices what she preaches in her multi-dimensional involvement in holistic approaches, both professionally and personally. An Assistant Professor in the School of Nursing, her office is filled with plants, celestial symbols, and black and white photos, and it is apparent that she thinks and lives in vivid color.

“It is the moral obligation of the health professional to be involved in evolving self-care and eudaimonistic health

promotion, that is ever-evolving well being, well being with no end point,” explains Dr. Larkin. Her opinion is well supported by two key theories – Dr. Martha Rogers’ Science of Unitary Human Beings and Dr. Elizabeth Barrett’s Power as Knowing Participation in Change. According to Dr. Barrett, the goal of nurses is power enhancement, and that power, defined as knowing participation in change, is measurable through constructs of awareness, choices, freedom to act intentionally, and involvement in creating change. In this mutual process of power enhancement, it is not only the patient that benefits, but the healthcare professional as well.

Further attesting to the power of the holistic approach, Dr. Larkin shares a personal experience. Twenty years ago, her dying mother, a physician, chose to spend her last months at home with her family. One night, Dr. Larkin (who had not yet met her future husband) lay next to her and hypothetically planned her wedding. Using imagery, together they co-created a lovely wedding ceremony held on a sailboat. Some time after her mother’s death, Dr. Larkin met her future husband, and they did, indeed, have their wedding on a sailboat. “The mutual process of imagining my wedding with her gave my mother an opportunity to share the experience,” she says. “And years later, her lingering presence was with me on my wedding day.”

Today, Dr. Larkin brings her expertise and enthusiasm to the nursing profession through a faculty practice in integrating holistic nursing throughout New Rochelle’s Sound Shore Medical Center. Recently, administering therapeutic touch to premature babies in the Center’s neonatal unit, graduate nursing students working with Dr. Larkin witnessed firsthand the extraordinary rewards of holistic nursing. As a student moved her hands over the tiny body, the newborn baby, recovering from a pulmonary infection, responded with a simple yet profound gesture – a smile.

# Stoking the CREATIVE FIRE

By Gary Rockfield

"Each of us," says Dolores Washington SNR'99, GS'01, "has something inside that needs to come out."

Dolores is speaking about the creative urge — and when you're driven by that urge, each new day is a page, a stage, a work forever in progress. Meet seven alumnae who heard an inner call to express themselves through the arts — sometimes right from childhood, sometimes not until

Act II or III was well underway. To thrive in a tough and often heartbreaking business, they learned you not only need a unique creative talent but also a creative approach to life itself.

## MERCEDES RUEHL SAS'69 ►

After struggling for years to gain work and recognition, Mercedes Ruehl quickly learned that success does have its price.

"I found you need some inner strength to handle it all," says Mercedes, who in 1992 became one of just five actresses ever to win an Oscar and a Tony in the very same year. "Fortunately I was 40, not 20, so I didn't make a total fool of myself. But I probably did irritate people with this sudden sense of being recognized and celebrated.

"Success does make it difficult to continue some relationships," she adds, turning more serious. "That's probably my biggest regret." But one thing she does not regret is the nearly two decades of frustration she endured before casting directors finally took notice.

"Give me two-and-a-half years to be a star," Mercedes recalls telling friends as she waitressed after college while

working "way off-off-Broadway." "Well, two-and-a-half years later I was still waitressing and had absolutely no money. It seemed like the whole business had a 4-foot wall around it. I was tall. I had this deep voice. I was kind of assertive. It was hard to find roles that fit."

That meant taking roles like Lady Liberty in a Parks Department presentation or a 7-foot-tall rooster at a Manhattan trade show. "It was an insane time but a great time; no one I knew had any money either. There was a tremendous feeling of possibility."

But possibilities don't pay the bills, and in 1984 the latest in a string of unsuccessful New York tryouts brought the actress to a crossroads.

"The audience was applauding, and I really thought I had made my breakthrough — and then I never even got a callback." That audition, she recalls, "was

the straw that broke the camel's back. I just sat down with my head in my hands and thought, 'There is some kind of wall I just can't break through.'"

Mercedes' dad, a veteran Washington-area FBI agent, had a friend at the local power company, "and they needed someone to direct industrial films, infomercials, that kind of thing. I was going down for Christmas and I thought, 'If nothing happens by then, I'll consider the job.'" It was a haunting thought, she adds, "because I still had this tremendous urge to perform."

Then, just three days before Christmas, "I was literally saved by the bell" — a phone call offering a plum role in a play called *Coming of Age in Soho*, at Joseph Papp's famed Public Theatre. Finally, she says, "I felt I could begin to assert myself. Once you've done an off-Broadway show, you begin to feel accepted in the professional arena."



Growing up in Silver Spring, Maryland, “I had come from a very protective environment. It was hard for my parents to let me go to New York, much less into acting.” But as her professional career began to thrive, so did Mercedes’ personal confidence. “And the roles just started rolling in like dominos,” including films such as *Big*, *Married to the Mob*, and in 1991, *The Fisher King*. Her supporting role as Jeff Bridges’ lover earned her an Oscar for that film, the same year Broadway bestowed a Tony for her work as Bella in Neil Simon’s *Lost in Yonkers*.

You’ve seen her regularly ever since on film (*Last Action Hero*), TV (as

“I found you need some inner strength to handle it all,” says Mercedes, who in 1992 became one of just five actresses ever to win an Oscar and a Tony in the very same year.

*Frasier*’s boss one season and in HBO’s *Indictment: The McMartin Trial*), as well as the stage. Tony came calling again last year with a Best Performance nomination for her stint as a shell-shocked wife in Edward Albee’s award-winning *The Goat*.

“Including rehearsals, I worked on *The Goat* for eight months. In a film, you

might do a scene for one day and that’s that.” Either way, she explains, “you develop an intuitive awareness of the audience or the camera, like a flower to the sun. Young actors will hide from the camera, mumbling and turning away from the lens. More experienced actors open up to the lens.”

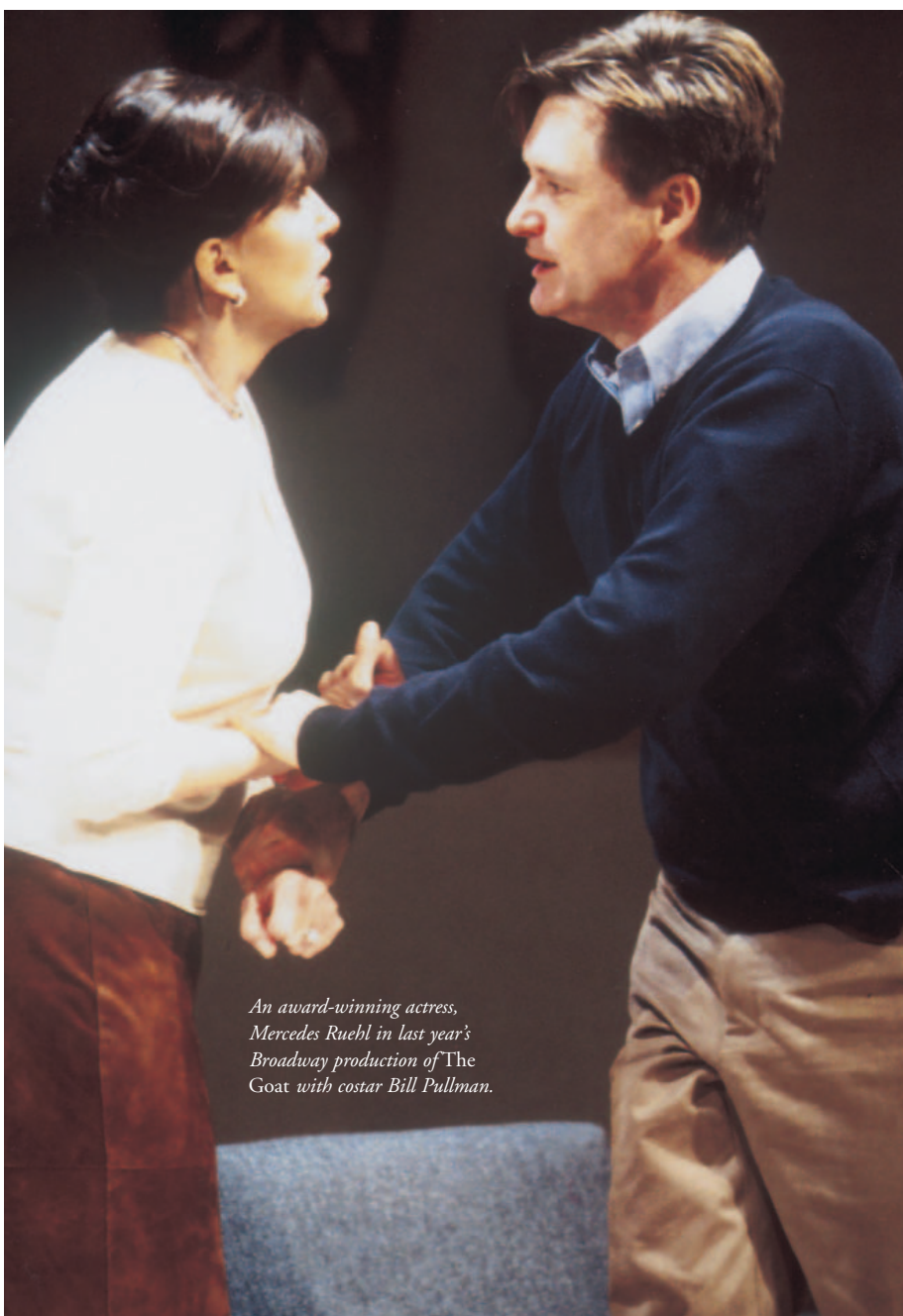
Looking back on her résumé, “I got typecast pretty quickly,” Mercedes admits with a laugh. “But my persona is expanding as I get older; Albee’s play gave me the chance to break out of that Latina/Italian/Jewish mold.

“I would love to do something that’s a total departure, light comedy or something delicate, instead of my usual flamboyant characters. But it’s the projects that leap out of heaven, out of left field, that give you a renewed sense of joy, like finding a new person in your life.”

Looking ahead, the East Hampton resident would like someday to teach acting. She’d also enjoy the chance to direct but isn’t ready to commit the time while raising her 5-year-old son, Jake. Another dream is writing (she did, after all, major in English at CNR), although her few literary attempts thus far have “yielded at best a humbling respect for that craft.” But acting, she says, remains her “most profound impulse.”

Even as a child, “I was always doing little performances. It may have started out as a need for attention, and it may still have that element. But as I grew older, the fantasy gave way to the reality of the profession.”

Now, Mercedes warns other aspiring performers about that dog-eat-dog reality: “My advice would be, if there’s anything else you can do besides art, do it — there is just so much rejection, so much heartache. But if you simply have to do it, you have to stay with it past the point of despair. Push through the despair.” After all, she concludes, “With anything or anybody you feel truly passionate about, you can expect to be tested.” ■



An award-winning actress, Mercedes Ruehl in last year’s Broadway production of *The Goat* with costar Bill Pullman.





A prolific author, Harriette Gillem Robinet surrounded by the many children's books she's written.

Personal challenge again inspired Harriette's writing when she and husband McLouis learned their adopted infant, Jonathan, suffered from cerebral palsy.

#### ◀ HARRIETTE GILLEM ROBINET SAS'53

Struggling to find her niche in the world of writing, Harriette Gillem Robinet clicked on the radio one day and heard a news brief on the anniversary of the Great Chicago Fire. A spark was lit — and the rest, as they say, is history.

"I sat right down and started my research," Harriette recalls. The result was *Children of the Fire*, the first in a successful string of historical novels the Chicago-area resident has penned since 1991 for "middle-grade" children 8 to 14.

In each of her nine novels, published by Athaeum (Simon & Schuster), young fictional characters must overcome personal challenges amid turbulent times in our country's existence. And Harriette herself knows just how they feel.

"My grandparents were born as slaves, my mother saw the first airplanes and automobiles, and in my life I have seen both segregated America and the struggle for equal rights. It has really been magnificent to live through the civil rights movement, to march with Martin Luther King Jr. It was such a moment of hope."

#### EMELISE ALEANDRI SAS'65 ▶

As an actress, Emelise Aleandri knows how it feels to be typecast. So as a scholar, she's working to prove there's more to Italian-American culture than just mobsters and meatballs.

An author and historian as well as a performer, Emelise has compiled a trove of information on her people's immigrant experience in the late 1800s and the entertainment these new Americans turned to for comfort in a strange land. Her most recent book, *Little Italy*, is just the latest product of years of research.

"Tracking down families and descendants, searching through old Italian-language newspapers, it was really an archaeological dig," the Manhattan resident says. "But I just connected with it and felt a desire to get it all down."

Emelise has also lectured, produced TV documentaries, and written a previous book, *The Italian-American Immigrant Theatre of New York City*. "Not being a part of the American mainstream, Italian immigrants needed the chance to see themselves reflected on stage," she explains. "The theater was also a vital center of community activity, of fund-raising for those in need."

While assimilation and television eventually spelled the end for live ethnic theatre, the tradition lives on through Emelise's Frizzi & Lazzi ("Sparkling Theatre") troupe, which performs the vintage songs and comic routines she unearthed in her

research. "It was all such a reflection on the immigrants' lives and experiences. I thought, instead of just doing lectures on all this material, why not put on a show?"

Emelise's Bronx upbringing was strict and traditional. "My parents did not encourage freedom of expression," she recalls with a smile. "Maybe that's part of the reason I chose acting as an interest."

Attending all-girl schools, Emelise often tried out for productions at all-male academies in need of female leads. "That's how I ended up in a Manhattan College Prep production of "Harvey" — with [now CNR President] Stephen J. Sweeny playing Elmer P. Dowd!"

While gaining a toehold in professional acting, Emelise focused her master's and doctorate on the Italian-American theatre. When CUNY drama professor Bernie Barrow — Johnnie Ryan on the old *Ryan's Hope* soap opera — won a grant for a project on ethnic theatre, he hired Emelise as a researcher. She lectured, presented papers, and found herself plunging in even further. "My advisor warned me that this was going to be a lifetime project, and she wasn't kidding."

On film, Emelise has won roles as Spike Lee's neighbor in *Crooklyn* and as a mourner in *Summer of Sam*. She just missed out when her scene as a hairdresser in Lee's *Clockers* was cut from the script. But fate did smile when she was promoted from extra to one of Michelle Pfeiffer's sisters-in-law in



Studying science at CNR and going on to earn a doctorate in microbiology, Harriette spent a decade as a bacteriologist. Leaving the lab to raise her six children — four of them adopted — she took up writing “to keep from going insane,” she says with a laugh. After selling some small pieces, she made *Redbook* magazine with her first-person account of racial tensions in affluent Oak Park, Illinois. “We were the 10th or 11th black couple to move in,” Harriette says. “One of the families before us got a firebomb on their porch.”

Personal challenge again inspired Harriette’s writing when she and husband McLouis learned their adopted infant, Jonathan, suffered from cerebral palsy.

“I would go to the library for books to read with Jonathan, and there were no children’s picture books about disabled kids.” So Harriette wrote two of her own, *Jay and the Marigold* and *Ride the Red Cycle* — and spent the next 11 years piling up rejection slips. “Publishers would tell me, ‘We don’t think that ‘normal’ children will want to read about this.’” But her works finally sold amid the mid-’70s push for more books about different children. “There’s a time to break through for everything,” Harriette notes.

When her subsequent picture books did not find a market, Harriette broke through with her historical novels. Focusing on some pivotal moment in America’s past — from the 1814 burning of Washington to the Montgomery, Alabama, bus boycott — Harriette spends up to a year researching each work. She then confronts her multicultural cast with obstacles that can’t just be solved with the wave of a wand.

“I’m not a fantasy type of person,” she explains when asked her view of “Harry Potter” and friends. “I want my characters to solve their problems using real ideas and materials.”

As each adventure ends, Harriette leaves young readers with a last word such as “courage” or “hope.” “I want them to know that people have lived and succeeded through the terrors of the past and that you too can survive the challenges that come your way.

“The whole point of history is what people went through to get us where we are. Look at what blacks and women went through for the right to vote.” And yet, she laments, “many kids are not motivated to learn this history. How can we know where we’re going, or appreciate where we are, if we don’t know where we’re coming from?”

And where is Harriette going? She and her husband remain active in community and church, and son Jonathan, she adds, has coped well enough to live independently. Her new work just out is *Twelve Travelers and Twenty Horses*, which takes readers out West with the Pony Express. She is also developing novels set amid the Boston Tea Party (“now there’s a great example of non-violent action!”) and the Pullman railroad workers’ strike.

And she has even been putting together a little something for the adult market, a mystery story. “All I’ll say is that there’s a dead body on the floor at the end of the first chapter. It may never get published, but I’m having fun doing it.”

For a complete list of works by Harriette Gillem Robinet, visit [www.hgrobinet.com](http://www.hgrobinet.com). ■

An author and historian as well as a performer, Emelise has compiled a trove of information on her people’s immigrant experience in the late 1800s and the entertainment these new Americans turned to for comfort in a strange land.

*Married to the Mob* — appearing briefly in a scene with fellow CNR alumna Mercedes Ruehl. Emelise will also be seen in *The Tournament*, an upcoming film about bocci players.

One of her favorite roles came in Public Television’s *Of Penguins and Peacocks*, as the 19th-century Italian actress Eleonora Duse. “I did a lot of research for that; she was the first to break away from the melodramatic overacting of the time.”

Emelise admits her ethnic look can be a drawback as well as a drawing card. “You go to see an agent or a casting director and they put you in the ‘ethnic’ file, then they only pull you out when it’s an Italian wedding scene or something. I’m

(continued on page 10)



An actress, author, and historian, Emelise Aleandri in costume for one of her roles with her Italian-American theater company.



## EMELISE ALEANDRI SAS'65

(continued from page 9)

sitting here with a Ph.D., and the only thing they think I can do is an Italian mama making sauce?"

But she would gladly start chopping those tomatoes if it meant a juicy role on *The Sopranos*, the hit crime-family series where she has appeared as an extra. She does have some reservations about the show, however.

"Many Italian-Americans do feel it portrays them negatively. One big problem is that the media do not give equal time to the rest of the community. Our entire story has been one of struggle and assimilation, and yet all America sees is this one side of the story." But she is also quick to point out that the show's performers are simply doing their jobs.

As for her next job, "I'm still waiting for the role that's going to make me rich and famous," she laughs — but she's

not holding her breath in today's youth-driven culture. "If you don't start young, it's tough. We have 18-year-olds pulling down \$20 million for a picture, then they're old news when they're 27. If I had it all to do over again, I might have concentrated more on acting back then and less on academics — but that's life's twists and turns."

Emelise's dream is to put her life's research on film, in a dramatic portrayal of the immigrant saga. The writing, she says, will be easy. "There are so many colorful experiences to tell, so many stories, the panorama of a community." The tough part will be the financing.

"I'll go to Spike Lee. I'll go to Robert DeNiro's Tribeca studio. If they say no, I'll go the independent route. But I'll get it done somehow." ■

## CHANGING HER TUNE



*Having spent many years pursuing a singing career, Elizabeth Caldwell is now planning a career in forensic psychology.*

A professional singer since the age of 15, Elizabeth Caldwell SNR'03 decided it was time to dramatically change her tune.

Fulfilling a promise made in her late mother's honor, Elizabeth went back to school five years ago — earning her GED and enrolling at the College's School of New Resources John Cardinal O'Connor Campus. Now 37, she'll graduate this spring and is set to study forensic psychology at John Jay College of Criminal Justice.

"Ever since I saw *Silence of the Lambs*, I've been fascinated with forensics," the science of physical evidence, she explains. "I really want to work with the FBI, analyzing evidence and the criminal mind."

After years of chasing that big break onstage, why did Elizabeth decide to chase criminals instead? "I knew I needed a better education to move up in life. I'm not one who ever liked school, but I handled the work, and it really started to interest me."

Elizabeth also felt a growing realization that music "is a hard, hard field. You can't always be that superstar making that super money. You need something solid to fall back on."

Show business was in the air young Liz breathed right from the start. Her dad sang at a club on Roosevelt Avenue in Queens; Liz was just 6 when she and her sister began sneaking in the back door to catch his act. She started singing in church, then at 15 was pressed into service when her stepfather's band needed a last-minute backup singer.

"Through it all, my mom, Gwendolyn, went to every performance," she fondly recalls. "At first to keep an eye on things and make sure I didn't get into trouble, but then later just because she loved to hear me sing."

Leaving school in 12th grade, Elizabeth "worked at KFC, McDonald's, whatever I had to do" to help make ends meet. Meanwhile, she made every audition and open-mike contest she could to earn some extra money and professional exposure. One lucky break, some studio backup work, came several years later on a beach in Hawaii — when the music producer Baby Face heard her singing along to the radio as she was vacationing with friends.

Mixing R&B with a touch of gospel, Elizabeth has sung with various groups at New York nightspots. She has played Harlem's famed Cotton Club, and will never forget one set at Iridium, across from Lincoln Center. "I was hoarse and losing my voice, and finally I just had to dance around and ask the audience to do the singing. I thought it was going to be a disaster, but they loved it," she laughs. "You've got to be able to improvise under pressure. If you don't have that, you will sink and drown!"

Now improvising her way toward a criminal justice career, Elizabeth has gained important experience in 10 years as a substance-abuse counselor — working first with the mentally ill and now at Project Return, a program that helps parolees find housing, jobs, and the will to stay straight.

"I've never been in recovery, but I can speak from what I've seen in life," Elizabeth explains, her light, playful voice suddenly filling with passion. "I try to make them look outside themselves at the people they are hurting — the mother, the wife, the kids who don't have them at home because they are out stealing and doing drugs."

Elizabeth will find herself back onstage once again this summer — touring Europe as a guest with the acclaimed Harlem Gospel Choir. Forensics, however, remains her ultimate destination: "Not everyone can be a star," she concludes, "and right now I want a career." But somehow, she adds, "I'll always make time to sing. It's just what I love to do." ■



## MARY JANE ROBERTSHAW, OSU SAS'51 ►

When Mary Jane Robertshaw, OSU completed her first major commission for CNR — a 4-and-a-half foot mahogany sculpture of Ursuline founder Angela Merici — something was not quite right.

“I was so disappointed,” the longtime art teacher recalls. The features that had looked so lively in the studio seemed, well, *wooden* in the new residence hall where Angela was first displayed back in 1960. But with an impromptu move to another part of the building, a fresh setting with different lighting, Angela’s figure suddenly did begin to take on life.

Sometimes, Sr. Mary Jane says, it pays to see things in a whole new light. And she has always been willing to do just that through a life of impromptu moves — from her decision to join the Ursulines to the 1996 fall that led to medical leave and retirement from the CNR faculty.

“People think I’m crazy when I say that broken hip was the best thing that ever happened to me,” she laughs. “But it forced me to slow down, and it began a creative period in which prayer enters into my work much more deeply. And after 40 years of teaching, I’ve been able to turn my artistic gifts to serving my community.”

Sr. Mary Jane’s lifelong search has been for material — whether physical or intangible — that speaks to these gifts. She has journeyed as far as Finland to learn new weaving techniques (and a few choice local cuss words) and to Botswana to teach woodcarving, “so the people there could do something besides going to the diamond mines.”

That Africa trip “also taught me a lot about working with people who were different from me,” says the western Pennsylvania native. “I had never met an Ursuline before coming to CNR. But these women showed me that there was this great big world out there.

“There is a saying of Angela’s that if you educate the woman, you educate the family and you change all of society.” Drawn to this hope, Sr. Mary Jane joined the Ursulines in 1951, was groomed for teaching at CNR, and through her art went on to mold an unexpectedly personal relationship with Angela herself.

Sr. Mary Jane’s vision has had international impact. In 1985, to celebrate the Ursulines’ 450th anniversary, her Angela was photographed for cards sent out all over the world.

As she began that first sculpture, “I envisioned her as a contemplative yet active woman, serving others. Around that time you had so many changes going on in the world, as well as our own searching for identity: whether we as Ursulines were going to become antiques or remain useful in the work that we do. Later, as more of our sisters began wearing street clothes, we began to see Angela more and more as a model of where we were going as an order.

“I think that’s the role of the artist,” Sr. Mary Jane explains. Look at any period in art history, “and you find a lot of hints, foreshadowing, of what will happen in the years ahead. As an



*A versatile artist, Mary Jane Robertshaw, OSU, has portrayed St. Angela Merici in both sculptural relief and almost life size carved from mahogany.*

artist you hear this wee small voice, much like Elijah heard amid the thunder and earthquake, and your vision is often not fulfilled until years to come.”

Sr. Mary Jane’s vision has had international impact. In 1985, to celebrate the Ursulines’ 450th anniversary, her Angela was photographed for cards sent out all over the world. And in 1999, she successfully put together a two-year Rome exhibit of artwork by sisters around the globe.

Now actively retired (“God help me, I’ve never been busier”), Sr. Mary Jane is enjoying what she calls “payback time.”

“The order has given me so much, so now I am doing things for them.” With her weaving, calligraphy, Christmas cards, and other projects, “they keep me very busy in my little studio here at the convent. No day is like the one before.”

Her Angela was recently cast in bronze, with the original now back at the CNR chapel and the new version gracing the Ursuline School in New Rochelle. “I’m working now on an image of Angela done in a Finnish technique called transparent weaving. You create your warp and weft out of linen, then insert your design in wool.” As the work hangs on rods, with lighting underneath, the form seems to float in space as the linen disappears. “You’ll see a small child dancing, with a ghosted-in image of Angela.

“I would not have come up with these kinds of combinations before; now I say, ‘Take the risk, it just might work.’ When you’re in your 70s, you are able to see relationships between things. That’s why I would encourage older folks to try different combinations. Laugh at your mistakes, and share with each other.”

And her advice to younger artists? “Start small, with affordable materials, and keep your eyes open for sculptural possibilities, even in a Dumpster. There are possibilities everywhere, if you know how to see them and listen to that wee small voice.” ■





An actress and model, performing only beckoned for Dolores Washington after raising her four children.

## DOLORES WASHINGTON SNR'99, GS'01 ►

**D**olores Washington is a leading voice for the arts in the Westchester County area. If you don't believe it, just call 328-ARTS, the Westchester Arts Council's 24-hour events hotline, and listen as her pre-recorded voice smoothly gives you the latest.

That kindly yet authoritative voice, along with her professional good looks, helped open a whole new career for Dolores at a time in life when most people would be thinking about doing less, not more.

"I always wanted to be a performer," says the Sleepy Hollow, New York, resident. "I can remember as a child going through the house singing numbers from shows like *South Pacific*. I wanted to do ballet, *Swan Lake*, and when I got a part-time job as a 12-year-old it was so I could pay for my dance lessons and shoes."

But show business did not beckon, at least before Dolores had raised four children and worked at several less glamorous jobs, including receptionist and radiology assistant at Northern Westchester Hospital in Mount Kisco, New York.

"Then I saw something in the paper about a drama group in New York City. I was around 50 at the time," she explains, "and it just sparked something. When you have that creative urge, you just have to address it. I tried it, and I loved it with

a passion — I just have this passion for giving, and I love to perform to make people feel good."

Smitten with the theater, Dolores juggled her work hours to make auditions and rehearsals. As small roles began to come her way, she plowed any money she earned right back into drama classes. But she played it safe through 1995, keeping her day job at Northern Westchester. "Then finally, I decided that I just had to go. I didn't know how I was going to make the money, but I just had to satisfy this burning I had."

As Dolores made contacts, someone suggested she consider modeling as well as the stage. "I thought, 'What kind of

"Everyone has to communicate," she says. "As an actress, a model, or in law, you have a message to get across. It's a thread that weaves through both the intellect and the creative side."

modeling can I do at my age?" But she soon learned there was plenty of opportunity — in TV commercials, print ads, and corporate materials — even if you don't happen to look like a *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit model. She found her niche portraying executives, medical professionals, and spokespersons for insurance, legal, drug, and health-care firms.

"People tell me I look like I care," she laughs. "And I really *do*."

She cares enough, in fact, to volunteer for both the Westchester Arts Council and Westchester/Putnam Legal Services. As if she didn't have enough going on, she also enrolled at CNR in 1996 to complete her education. "'It's my turn now,' I said when my kids were all grown." Five years later, she had earned a bachelor's and master's in communications.

"Everyone has to communicate," she says. "As an actress, a model, or in law, you have a message to get across. It's a thread that weaves through both the intellect and the creative side."

Along with print and TV ads, Dolores has appeared on film as a reporter in *It Could Happen to You*, starring Nicholas Cage and Rosie Perez. You can spot her holding a banner in Spike Lee's *Malcolm X*. She performed in *American Herstory*, a chronicle of women's struggles, which played at Pleasantville's Newman Theater and then toured area schools. She also goes into schools to tell her life story as part of the Arts Council's senior oral history program.

"The arts really need to be taught more in school," she believes. "Each one of us has something inside that needs to come out."

You can catch Dolores next in a local drama called *Heaven Only Knows* — she'll play an angel who accompanies a young woman back from the dead. And in yet another new role, Dolores is returning to CNR to teach professional writing. "In this tapestry of life I'll play any part. Whatever lies ahead, I'm ready. I feel very fortunate that I've been able to satisfy my thirst to perform, to do, and to help others." ■



## ANNETTE YOUNG SNR'02 ►

After nearly 30 years in banking, Annette Young never wanted to see another computer, copier, or fax machine — so she traded the office for a new life onstage. “In show business you’re free,” she has found, to her delight. “You can move around, jump around; you’re not tied to a desk.”

As her retirement at Chase loomed near, Annette spotted a newspaper article about an inexpensive acting studio opening in the Bronx, for people of all ages. “I thought, ‘That sounds like fun.’ I went up there and fell in love with it the very first day. It was like something I had been looking for all my life.”

And when theatre producer Ray Allen stopped by the studio looking for new talent, Annette quickly got her big make-or-break moment — an offer to audition for his Harlem production of Langston Hughes’ *Tambourines to Glory*.

“Well, I went and I was terrified. Everyone knew each other except for me, and then they said we’d have to sing — and I can’t sing!” Asked to do a spiritual, and then a more upbeat, lively gospel song, Annette first offered up *Precious Lord*. “My knees were knocking, and my legs were shaking. I was so nervous I couldn’t think of what to do for my second number.”

Desperately, out of the blue she pulled *It Ain’t Gonna Rain No More*. “I said, ‘Annette, if you are going to go for it, you’d better really go for it.’” Pulling a sense of joy and confidence from somewhere deep within, she soon had the whole auditorium clapping, stomping, and singing along (and of course she got the part, just like in the movies).

A series of theater roles (including the one-woman *Nana’s Got the Blues* and *The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds*) followed during the ’90s. But somehow Annette wanted more from her new career — and ironically, she realized, the only way to find it was to sit right back down at a desk.

“I said, ‘Annette, if you are going to go for it, you’d better really go for it.’” Pulling a sense of joy and confidence from somewhere deep within, she soon had the whole auditorium clapping, stomping, and singing along (and of course she got the part, just like in the movies).

First she earned her communications degree at the College’s School of New Resources Brooklyn Campus. “They really opened my mind. Going to school at that age brings back information you’ve collected all your life but have forgotten or never used.” Then she moved on to Brooklyn College in search of a master’s in drama. “It’s really a matter of practicality. Even with all the roles I had, you barely earn enough for carfare and lunch. When you have a master’s, you can teach, you can coach, you can do a lot of things.”

With her full-time coursework and theater production assignments, Annette has had to take a break from professional acting. “It takes a lot of time to be in a play — not just the



Annette Young spent more than 30 years in banking before pursuing her interest in the theater.

performances but learning your lines, going to rehearsals. People have such a glamorous image of actors; they don’t realize what a hard job it is.

“I’ve never been mesmerized by show business people,” she adds. “I see them as people with the same problems as anybody else.”

Growing up in Philadelphia, Annette’s father wanted his kids to follow him into tailoring. “Most people will think that I’m finally fulfilling some childhood ambition, but show business for me was completely unplanned.”

Annette moved to Brooklyn with her husband after World War II and honed her stage skills serving as a district leader and state committeewoman. “I worked with Shirley Chisholm and some of the other women pioneers during the ’70s, and I’m still very active in general; politics is where changes can really be made.”

But when it comes to major changes in life, Annette’s advice to other aspiring actors is: don’t quit your day job. “I’m glad I was not interested in theater until I retired and had some income from another career. You just won’t make much money; even the stars don’t always work steady.”

“I don’t have stars in my eyes. I would love to land some big role, but I could also do community theater or summer stock.” What about film or TV? “I am just not photogenic,” she laughs. “The camera does not love me.” ■

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Gary Rockfield is a free-lance writer/editor who frequently reports on education and business-related issues, as well as on unique personalities from all walks of life. Formerly an award-winning newspaper editor, he lives in Brewster, NY.



## THE HEALING POWER OF

## Art

BY JOHN COYNE

"The reason I can be a good art therapist," says Bonny Willett GS'92 "is because art is good therapy for me."

Bonny, who earned her master's in art therapy at CNR, is in private practice at the Northeast Center for Trauma Recovery in Greenwich, Connecticut. As an art therapist, she sees clients ranging in age from young children to senior citizens, treating patients with trauma- and loss-related issues, patients with chronic illness such as Lyme disease and Alzheimer's, as well as with depression, anxiety, phobias, and eating disorders.

Though she usually begins a session by letting the patient select the medium, for some, Bonny begins with scraps of wood and glue that allow the patient to build a structure. "Wood is a good medium because they can project and build something that contains them. It has boundary and shape and gives them structure and comfort."

According to Bonny, though a session lasts only 45 minutes, when a patient takes home what he has created, he can feel good about his achievement, while

also continuing aspects of the therapy session each time he sees his artwork. "This is," says Bonny, "what art therapy is all about: helping people to feel better about themselves. Since each of us has some creative potential, making art can be a wonderful help in the healing process."

Bonny Willett is not the first to come to this realization.

#### The Need for Art

Over a hundred years ago, writers in Europe marveled at the fact that patients in mental hospitals had a "seemingly irrepressible urge to make art," using any material that they could find to be spontaneously creative. Psychiatrists, too, took notice of this creative work and realized that there was a link between the art and the illness of their patients.

By the early 1940s in the United States, Margaret Naumburg, an educator and psychotherapist who had started the Walden School in New York City and who is considered the founder of art ther-

apy in America, began to write about art and its applications with psychiatric patients. At the same time, her sister, Florence Cane, modified principles from art education to use with children.

These two poles—psychoanalysis and art education—became the foundations of this field of healing, art therapy. While the debate continues on whether therapeutic process is inherent in talking about a work of art, or in expressing oneself, or in the specific act of creation, according to the American Art Therapy Association (AATA), "Most art therapists find that they draw from both approaches, modifying what they do or emphasizing according to the population with which they are working."

#### Art Therapy in Academia

One of the early academic institutions to see art therapy as a valid and valuable academic discipline was CNR, thanks largely to the creative, forward-thinking educator and artist, Sr. Justin McKiernan, OSU, '31, who founded the Art Education Program at the College's Graduate School in 1969.

Though the first art courses at the College concentrated on art education, by 1979 they began to shift toward the therapeutic use of art. By 1984, a full-time art therapy faculty member had been hired, a program developed according to Education Guidelines of the AATA, and the program successfully applied for approval to the AATA. Today, the Graduate School's program is one of just 31 AATA-Approved graduate art therapy degree programs in the United States.



*Painted by a woman who has explored an abusive past and a passion for her family, according to the art therapist, "her determination and will are the driving forces in creating these images as the brush just about fits in her cramped, stiff hands. Her images exemplify a woman willing to express the blessings and energy life has to offer in the wake of such physical limitations." Of the painting, Family, the nursing home resident states, "The painting makes you feel good inside and out. It is a reflection of my own family and brings new life to me."*



*Art therapy differs from traditional art in the sense that it is the process of creating rather than the creation that is most important.*

In addition to completing CNR's demanding curriculum of art and psychology classes, students are required to fulfill more than 700 hours of fieldwork and supervised practicum. The result of this study and training, says Dr. Patricia St. John, art therapist, Associate Professor, and Graduate Art Therapy Program Coordinator, is a graduate who is "highly trained to use art as therapy in short- and long-term treatment."

According to noted artist and the first permanent full-time art therapy faculty member at CNR Professor Robert Wolf, "Art therapy differs from traditional art in the sense that it is the process of creating rather than the creation that is most important. The art therapist is able to provide a non-threatening space where clients may use creative art materials, such as paper, clay, or stone, to express what they are feeling and increase self awareness."

Then "ideally what happens in art therapy," sums up Dr. St. John, "is that by projecting oneself into the artwork, under the guidance and support of the art therapist, one can reach an awareness of the problem via the art-making process and develop problem-solving skills to deal with the identified problem areas. That's the goal."

### **Drawn to Art Therapy**

While art has been used as a visual means of communication and expression since prehistoric times, often artists abandon their society to be "alone with their art." This is certainly not true of professional art therapists who are actively engaged in the work and lives of their clients.

"It is rewarding to see an elderly individual gain pleasure from expressing oneself with art," says Celeste Walls GS'00, Creative Arts Coordinator at Hebrew Hospital Home, Inc. in the Bronx. "Even the smallest of brush strokes or the finest pencil lines can represent a momentous time in a client's life. As an art therapist, I honestly value each work like it is another masterpiece in my collection."



*When completing this painting, entitled Peace on Earth, the nursing home resident, who was overcoming physical limitations and feelings of depression caused by a stroke, described her feelings as ones of "peace and a warm feeling in my heart. I was thinking of earthy things in the universe like the water, stars, and clouds." According to the art therapist, "Bringing her joy and comfort with her progress not only physically but emotionally, the painting expresses what happens when one is willing to release one's energy from within and explore oneself through movement and color."*

### **Professional Fields**

Today the professional field of art therapy continues to expand with graduates finding careers in psychiatric units of hospitals, outpatient treatment of the chronically mentally ill, rehabilitation, nursing homes, and schools, as well as working with cancer patients, treating the developmentally delayed, traumatic brain injured patients, abused children and adolescents, and victims of trauma, and in many other venues. With additional experience and training, graduates counsel drug addicts and alcoholics, act as family therapists, and serve as supervisors and art therapy educators.

Heather Genovese GS'02 works with the Astor Family Services in the Bronx. "This is a really unique placement for an art therapist," says Heather, who has learned that her art training at CNR has given her a very special set of skills that are useful to her within her own life outside of work and that are also an important gift to others involved in clinical, educational, or rehabilitation professions.

"What I have really learned throughout my training at CNR and at work is that in order to be a good therapist, I must be versatile. Sometimes I am the art therapy consultant to one of my colleagues, and other times a colleague is a consultant to me. I guess what this really means is that I have a unique set of skills to offer, a set of skills that I can contribute to my team for the good of

everyone, clients and colleagues. And that makes me feel good. I believe that is what art therapy is all about. Helping people through the creative process feel good about themselves."

### **Art Therapy for Us All**

Carole Weaver, Major Gifts Officer at CNR, recently experienced the healing aspect of art therapy when she attended a workshop taught by Professor Wolf, one of the events held at the College to commemorate the anniversary of September 11.

"I might have had the worst technical drawing in the workshop, but I was clearly the one most moved by those roughly hewn designs teased out of me in a therapeutic context. For me, art therapy is wiping the glass clean over our own emotions, showing us, often surprising us, with the power our imagination has to reveal."

Summing up her experience, and speaking perhaps for all of us about the value of art therapy, Carole says, "It is like a windshield wiper on a rainy night. It may not be able to quell the storm, but it can show the way ahead, and that way may well be the road home." ■

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*John Coyne, the Manager of Communications at CNR, is the author of 25 books and more than 500 articles in such national magazines as Smithsonian, Glamour, Redbook, Travel & Leisure, and Town & Country.*

Creativity is a part of our daily lives. But for some alumnae/i, it is much more than a hobby, it is a profession. On the next several pages are just some examples of the wonderful creativity of the alumnae/i of CNR — artists, authors, poets, and so much more.

# A Spotlight on Creativity



# In the Company of Sisters – an excerpt from *Uphill Walkers*

By Madeleine Blais '69

**D**URING THE SUMMER OF 1957, I DREAMED OF GETTING AWAY.

We were housebound. My grandmother was in her sick-room, and there were no plans except to sit and wait for death to arrive, a vigil as tiresome as it was terrifying. Only our grandmother's room had an air conditioner, its rumble another kind of tribulation. The house was filled with the routine of death: the fatigue in the faces of the living, the pharmaceutical odors, the ticking silence, the constant trade in basins and towels and chips of ice.

In age she had faded, this woman born in Ireland, my namesake, the mother of two sons and two daughters, Maureen, Kevin, Dermot, and Eileen, two boys, two girls, a "rich man's" family. My impression was that we children hastened her death, not deliberately, but because the constant noise and commotion unsettled the nerves of someone who liked a quiet game of bridge, whose piano playing was said to be of concert caliber, who was referred to, more than once in her life by people unknown to each other, as a "Perfect Lady." To a ten-year-old, she had a distant, ceremonial air, like a pope.

The newspapers that summer were advertising cooked hams, ready for the Independence Day holiday, for 43 cents a pound. Two pounds of peaches for 39 cents. *You'll Never Get Rich* with Phil Silvers, *Gunsmoke*, and *To Tell the Truth* were on

television. Movie theaters proclaimed, in snow-capped letters, that they were "air-conditioned year round." *Peyton Place* and *Compulsion* were among the best-selling novels; if

you preferred nonfiction, you could

read *The FBI in Action*. A man named Khrushchev, short and snarling, dominated the foreign news. A man named Castro was organizing rebel troops in the hinterlands of Cuba. The Catholic Church had a new rule: You had to fast only three hours before receiving Communion. In the magazines, there were ads for airlines, with stewardesses wearing white gloves and Bulova watches promising miniature meals in the clouds, with real silver and actual glasses. The ads, with their promise of a larger world, had a special ability to torment.

My mother became distant and distracted in the face of her mother's mortality. Seeing her move about the house, in a drained, hesitant manner, was like watching a Technicolor movie reduced to black-and-white in slow motion.

There are certain laws that govern the universe:

Nature abhors a vacuum.

The happiest apple falls by virtue of its own patience, not to prove a point.

The wise child times her supplications wisely.

Waiting until that moment at the end of the day when my mother sank into her favorite perch in the living room and lit a cigarette, sensing she would be a soft touch for anything that lessened her load, I wangled two weeks of Girl Scout camp. I had seen a leaflet with a smudgy black-and-white photo of its placid pond; it beckoned with the promise of shade and solitude. My mother agreed on the condition that my sister Jacqueline accompany me, a condition that was easy to accept because I was used to feeling responsible for her and the others. When I was first exposed to the notion of a guardian angel, which is to say, a spiritual pilot attached to another human on a twenty-four-hour-a-day basis, I asked if everyone had one.

Yes, I was told by my mother.

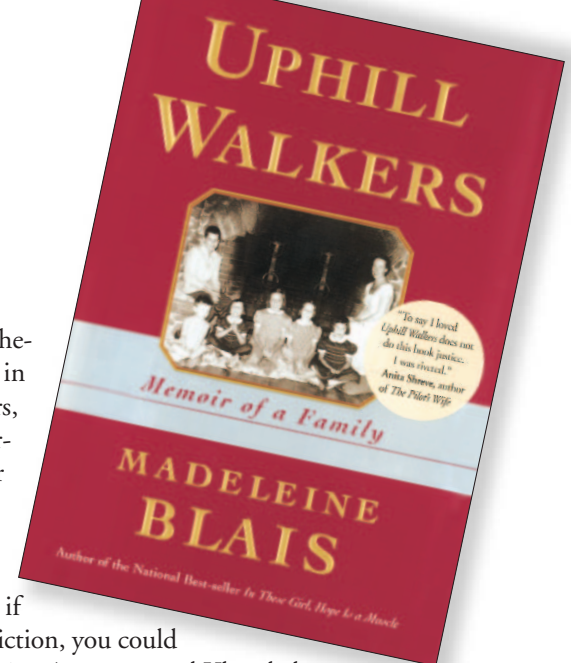
"Including Jacqueline?" Again, yes.

A cloud of confusion filled my head, suddenly yielding to the hard bright light of recognition.

"Am I him?"

I started packing for camp weeks ahead of time, cramming my duffel with flashlights and bug spray, emergency Life Savers, and some stationery with a picture of a poodle and a legend I thought of as the height of literary sophistication: "A pen and some ink and here's what I think."

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**SKIPJACK RACES**  
BY CHRISTINE HOEFER DIEHLMANN '62

A post-modern marine oil painter and photographer, Christine Hoefer Diehlmann '62 has exhibited her work throughout the United States. Living in Maryland, she receives her inspiration for her paintings from cruising the Chesapeake Bay and the rivers of the Eastern Shore. As a photographer, with more than 80 schooners on film, she seeks to recreate images of the days of sail on the Chesapeake, as well as record for history what it was like sailing the bay at the turn of the century.

## In the Company of Sisters

(continued from page 17)

All the while I imagined I was leaving for a much longer and more dramatic interlude.

Boarding school, the Alps.

"You can come," I told Jacqueline, "but you better behave."

I was probably closest to Jacqueline, mainly because we shared a room, a forced umbilical from which we never fully recovered. With her I was guilty of a series of lower-case tyrannies. She remembers how I made her turn off the lights at night when I wanted to go to sleep, forcing her, among other indignities, to study the catechism in bed in the dark, a challenging endeavor because although we sometimes had batteries and we sometimes had flashlights, we never had both at once. Together she and I would take the Street Railway bus the six miles to Holyoke; the fumes from the bus caused us to gag, but they also underscored prosperity as shoppers were deposited and removed in a constant dialysis. We might take in a show at the Victory or the Strand or the Suffolk unless they were featuring one of those stupid mushy movies with grown-ups in pajamas chasing each other. We visited Woolworth's for a thrilling lunch consisting of chocolate milk, grilled cheese sandwiches, and our favorite part, manna beyond any conscious expectation, the free, unsolicited pickle. Afterward, we would go to Child's Shoe Store, where our neighbor, Mr. Brooks, was the manager, and play with the x-ray machine, which revealed the bones of our feet in big goopy shadows, a forerunner of strobe lights and Lava lamps. In front of Child's

I was probably closest to Jacqueline, mainly

because we shared a room, a forced umbilical  
from which we never fully recovered. With her

I was guilty of a series of lower-case tyrannies.

were a series of oversized, permanently mounted brass footsteps, certain in their stride.

My role with Jacqueline, as I interpreted it, not necessarily accurately or fairly, was to get her to shape up. Instead of praising her for her good nature, I took advantage of it. Our exchanges were filled with elaborate sighs, eye rolling, and toe tapping on my part. I responded to her heartfelt remarks with pat phrases.

"Do you think a person would go to hell if she stole candy bars for her little sisters?"

"That's for me to know and you to find out."

"Someone wrote inside my math book and I think it was Michael, and now my teacher wants me to stand in the corner."

"Tough toenails."

"Can I look inside your diary just this once?"

"Mind your own beeswax."

I greeted any endeavor on her part with a scowl. "You think this is a science project?" I said when I discovered she wanted to put a recently extracted tooth in a glass of Coca-Cola with a sign that said, "Decay." "You think that kind of lazy attitude is what we need in the U.S. of A.? No wonder the Russians are winning. You HAVE to make something better than this, something that gets people to sit up and notice."

"Like what?"

"Like something with flashing lights or toads or an explosion." Thus, I inspired her in a doomed enterprise in which she actually tried to devise an electric toad exploder.

She and I were in constant races to see who knew all the words to songs like "Silhouettes" and who heard of the Beatles first. We both adored Annette Funicello, the most popular girl in the world, and when I sent our idol a fan letter with half a piece of Juicy Fruit gum (I couldn't resist chewing the other half myself), I let Jacqueline read the two-page "Greetings from Disneyland" form letter I got back listing all the rides and attractions, but not until she had made her bed and cleaned up her side of the room. Although these Greetings were no more than an advertisement, they had the cachet of coming all the way from California, and we pretended there had been a genuine personal exchange.

I called Jacqueline "Slowpoke" for all to hear as we trudged home from school. At night I wouldn't let her climb into bed unless she had laid out her outfit for the next morning for inspection. We even readied our toothbrushes, with a squiggle of toothpaste dispensed in anticipation of saving time in the morning. We rearranged our furniture constantly, so that sometimes the beds were both against the back wall, sometimes they jutted forth next to each other, and sometimes they were arranged like the letter T. A radiator in one corner rumbled and hissed throughout the night: we draped our clothes

### DEAR FRIEND

BY MARGARET ROCKWELL FINCH SNR'87

*Dear friend, that when I question you reply  
And that your answer comes before I send  
And that we keep our converse, and know why,  
Sets out an orchard I delight to tend,  
For in the reaches of this husbandry  
There hangs such fruit so heavy on the bough  
That I, awakened, touch and taste and see,  
Remembering what I never knew till now.*

*When others beckoned and I walked with them  
Anonymous below the ghosting leaves  
I could not find the apple on the stem,  
Wandering in the half-light that deceives:  
But with your coming, I to harvest came:  
You are the only one to know my name.*

Published poet Margaret Rockwell Finch SNR'87 says that throughout her life she has derived her poetry from the deepest level of her soul, "the thing I cannot do without." And that she only receives "true satisfaction when I feel I have broken through into the creation of a 'physical myth,' a 'poem as reality.'" Margaret also creates mixed-media dolls with her daughter and recently had her work included in an exhibit at the Louvre.



on it so they would be cozy and warm in the morning. Of course, mine were closer to the grill. Tucked behind the crucifix above the radiator were the dried-out palms we had gotten on the last Palm Sunday, and during one especially pious interval we even had a vessel with holy water for blessing ourselves every time we entered or exited the room.

"You've got to be more ladylike," I would tell her. "Watch how you sit."

"What's wrong with the way I'm sitting?"

"Remember how Mrs. Guild told us to cross our legs at the ankles? Jacqueline, you've got to be more careful."

I lowered my voice and turned around to make certain the younger children weren't eavesdropping.

My tone was shocked and stern.

"Jacqueline, you don't want people to see your England and your France, do you?"

In the company of my sisters, there was no mistaking me for anything but the oldest.

There was a kind of sick power inherent in my role as Oldest Sister, and I embraced my despotism. Whenever any of them said or did something that was the least bit foolish or ill advised, I would say, "At least I'm not mental, like some people."

A NO TRESPASSING sign decorated my half of our shared bedroom; violators were charged a fee of one cent. When my sisters got old enough to retaliate verbally, they called me a battle-ax, and then transmogrified my name to Mad, Mad Maddle-ax. As slurs went, it had a cleverness even I had to admire. But it did not stop me from retorting with a semi-nonsensical phrase I'd seen in some book or another: "Why, you insignificant piece of psychological ingenuity! How dare you insinuate that I should tolerate such a diabolical insult?"

At camp, my first reaction was one of guarded disappointment. Everything looked faded, like a party dress worn once too often – the grass, the main lodge, even the American flag hoisted with all due ceremony in the mornings. The empty cabins with their bare bunks and orange-crate nightstands appeared in desperate need of the giggles of girls. The screen doors had no springs, so of all the sounds that registered during that two-week stay, none was more insistent than bang, bang, bang.

The first evening at dinner we were introduced to the concept of what was called the "No, thank you serving," an elaborately tendered yet invisible portion of whatever food it was



LIFE SITUATIONS BY ALEXANDRA RUTSCH BROCK GS'93



ETERNAL BY ALEXANDRA RUTSCH BROCK GS'93

*An art teacher at New Rochelle High School for more than 10 years, Alexi also serves as an adjunct at CNR and teaches at the Pelham Art Center. Of her paintings, she says, "The images I am using are directly related to my life experiences – birth, death, partnership, motherhood, and environment. These have been major forces of self evaluation as I move into my thirties and my 'roles' in life increase, evolve, and make further connections."*

we did not want to eat. I tried not to gag as the dishes were collected at the end of the meal and the leftovers scraped at the long table where we sat on benches. I didn't see Jacqueline during those first twenty-four hours or so, busy as we were discovering the lay of the land, the nature of our individual tasks (sweeping the cabin, setting tables in the lodge, removing branches from the trails). When we finally reunited, the very sight of me caused first her lower lip to tremble, then her eyes to fill, her body to shake, and finally she gave herself over to a weeping fit beyond all understanding. In me she saw the pos-

*(continued on page 20)*





GLEN ISLAND BRIDGE BY PING XU GS'03



AUTUMN BY PING XU GS'03

*A painter of portraits, land and seascapes, still life, and abstracts, Ping Xu GS'03, a native of China, exhibited her work in some of the most prestigious galleries in Shanghai and spent several years as an artist in Japan, where she won numerous awards for her work, before moving to New York a few years ago. She is currently pursuing her master's degree in studio art at CNR's Graduate School.*

## In the Company of Sisters

(continued from page 19)

sibility of succor; in her I feared the weight of responsibility. This was my first major escape and what happened became the prototype of most of my other escapes: flight always included a ball and chain, a sense of responsibility, of a task left unfinished.

When Jacqueline was little, the summer sun tented on her face in the form of freckles. A jangling collection of kneecaps and elbows, she often appeared airborne. Sometimes for a lark she would pretend to be Helen Keller, clenching her eyes shut and poking her ears closed with her fingers. She's always been gentle, given to whimsy. One time during elocution when we had to recite the phrase "the horns of elfland, faintly blowing"

In me she saw the possibility of succor; in her I feared the weight of responsibility. This was my first major escape and what happened became the prototype of most of my other escapes: flight always included a ball and chain, a sense of responsibility, of a task left unfinished.

as if we ourselves were faintly blowing horns, she concluded by saying, "toot, toot," and so she earned Mrs. Guild's most imperious look of complete, nearly fatal, dismissal.

When someone once asked Jacqueline, "If I had no head and no arms and no legs, could I still go to the second grade?" she said sure, and I remember berating her for not being more realistic.

It may have been the overwhelming realism of camp life, the absence of any pretense of elegance, that violated her sen-

sibilities: the plop of the basic food groups on the plates at meals, the communal cheer, the ghostly stink of the outhouse.

Some of what repelled Jacqueline about Camp Sandy Brook also repelled me: the fluid boundaries between people and their bodies in a camp setting, the damp, fetid shower room. What I liked, which was simply lost on her, was the militaristic overlay, the predictability, the rigid schedule from reveille to taps, the precise and equitable division of labor, the songs and traditions and s'mores. I enjoyed visiting the Trading Post during strictly allotted times to buy stamps and postcards. I ended all my letters, "Happy Hunting Grounds." During craft time I easily convinced myself that baskets made from Popsicle sticks were something special. The false and exaggerated rivalries between cabins seemed to me real and true and urgent. I wanted ours to win the talent show and the scavenger hunts and all those endless cabin inspections. Tone-deaf, I nonetheless sang with gusto at campfires the plaintive, "Peace, I ask thee, oh river," and the old standby:

Make new friends,  
But keep the old.  
One is silver,  
And the other gold.

At camp, I became, well, famous. So great was my enthusiasm, so fulsome and nonstop my tributes to the fresh air and the scouting spirit, that when a lady from the local newspaper came to camp to do a feature story, she interviewed me as well as four other equally vocal campers. To this poor reporter, who, as a woman, was probably not allowed to cover real news (I still vainly search for her byline to this day: Enid Schwartzwald, where are you?), I chatted about the thrill of bag lunches on hikes and the opportunity to make new friends from other cultures, meaning two towns over. I praised the food, which on the day of her visit, according to her own account, consisted of "light scrambled eggs mixed with bacon, bread and butter,



peanut butter, lettuce salad, tapioca pudding, and milk.”

The more confidence and celebrity I gained, the more homesick Jacqueline got, unable to eat eggs and pudding, or to sleep, moping continually. She was delivered, tearful, to me several times a day by her counselors. My spirits sagged when I saw her approach, a thin, pitiful, almost eight-year-old girl with teeth even bigger than mine, racked with sobs.

The worst outburst occurred after we had gone to church on Sunday. For some reason, our home-base Catholic church was chosen by the camp as the one to attend. I floated in, wearing my Scout uniform, happy in my green and yellow anonymity. Jacqueline made what was for her the fatal error of scanning the congregation for familiar faces. Our mother! Her best friend Eileen! Christina and Maureen! (And what of our grandmother? Was she still sick, was she still alive?) You couldn't talk in church, and when we filed out, there was no lingering. Later, Jacqueline would describe the feeling as nightmarish, like being trapped on a screen inside a silent movie. Back at camp, the counselors encouraged her to give in to her tears, not necessarily the wisest strategy, in that she soon became hysterical. The more she carried on, the more she guaranteed that she would be brought to me, a quivering cargo.

I pretended to drip with sympathy.

“Poor little thing,” I cooed, but as soon as the counselors left, certain that my nurturing manner was just the tonic for her sinking morale, I seized her by the shoulders and read her the riot act: “Shape up, pip-squeak.”

Rage filled my lungs, knotted my throat, clenched my hands. She was not human but flotsam, out to cramp my Camp Sandy Brook style. Couldn't she see how busy I was, I demanded, arms akimbo, eyes glaring, as I gestured toward my orange crate with its stack of projects demanding my attention: a half-decorated beanie, an unfinished spatter painting, a wool octopus still in need of several limbs.

A practitioner of tough love before it had been invented, I gave her the stern dose of home she needed.

“You're entering that talent show tonight whether you like it or not.”

She heaved her frail shoulders up and down, but at least she stopped crying.

“But,” she whimpered, “I have nothing to wear.”

“Yes, you do,” I said. “You brought a bathing suit, didn't you?”

She nodded.

“You can be... a beauty queen. Just wear your bathing suit and the shoes you brought for church and walk on stage and turn to the judges and say,” and here I did my best imitation of Mae West gleaned from old movies on TV, “Come up and see me sometime.”

She gave me a baleful look.

“Let me hear you try.”

Jacqueline was nearly skeletal as a child and acted frightened of taking more than her share of anything, including oxygen. Out of her skinny self came the unlikely words, “Come up and see me sometime.”

And then, just to show me she was really trying, she added this extra touch: “Sonny boy.”

“Hey, that's great, that's really great. I'm jealous.”

## REMEMBERING

BY ROSE BASILE GREEN '35

*My thoughts flash back to find the green hillside,  
Where Father and his friends sang to the sun;  
The tempest of their noon they joined to hide  
In evening fingers when their work was done.  
After the storm, they turned the air serene  
To welcome to their hearts a feast of peace:  
Each in the other's brow his lines had seen,  
The need to share the song of pain's release,  
Catching the pitch by interlocking arms,  
They shared the music of their burning dream;  
The afterglow that still the fire warms  
Gave to their picnic fare a lasting gleam.*

*I listened to them bank the harmony  
That every dawning light awakes in me.*

From *Songs of Ourselves*

Educator, scholar, and writer Rose Basile Green '35 has published numerous poems, articles, and books and has received many awards, nationally and internationally, for her poetry and for promoting understanding among ethnic groups. In *Songs of Ourselves*, though her poems refer to her own Italian-American experience, she relates them to the experiences of all American immigrants, saying “the time has come to be both joyous and lyrical about the particular exhilaration in the experience of the American immigrants and their descendants. In this sharing, Americans do not reject their own sources but rather from the diversity of their backgrounds, a new world emerges.”

“Really?” she said, brightening considerably.

“Really, if you keep this up, I'll let you borrow my skort.”

The skort was a combination of skirt and shorts, a peculiar hybrid garment that enjoyed fifteen minutes of popularity that summer. “Now, come on. Chin up. You'll be one cute cookie tonight.”

The minute I could see that she had calmed, I kicked her out of my cabin and sent her back to the Bluebird Division. “I'm sorry,” I said, affecting an air of busy distraction, “but now I have to double-sheet my friend Louise Vlash's bunk” — how I loved that name, Louise Vlash! — “and then I want to finish making my homemade braided belt.”

When at last she shuffled her way across the stage that night, raising her head to utter her big lines, the audience clapped and stamped its pleasure, an overreaction that thrilled her.

On the last day of camp, my cabin mates and I exchanged addresses and written expressions of good luck. I possessed at the time an Autograph Hound, a stuffed animal covered with a light canvas fabric suitable for writing on. Mine was in the shape of a dachshund. My cabin mates signed it, claiming that we were the best campers and this was the best summer ever. We urged each other to write letters, and someone wrote on my hound what I considered the unspeakably clever exhorta-

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## In the Company of Sisters

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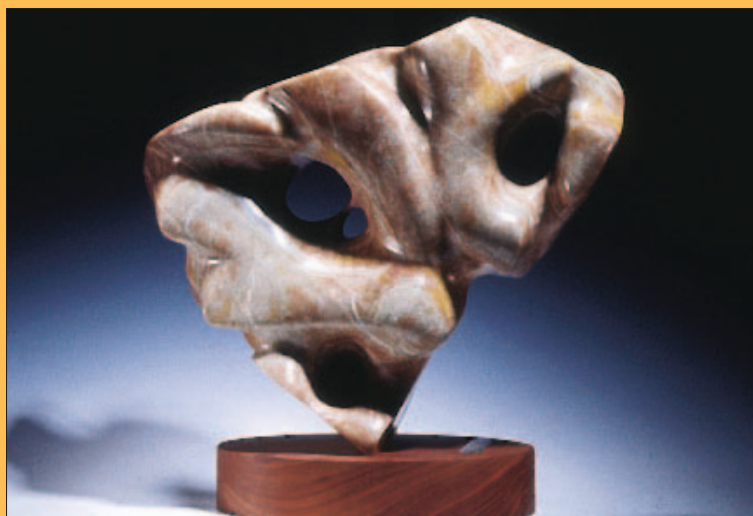
tion “D-liver, D-letter, D-sooner, D-better.”

In late August, our grandmother died, and I tried not to contemplate her absence anymore than I did the absence of my father. This was out of what I now think of as a protective mechanism: loss, dwelled upon, can expand and strangle. But her image returned to me at unexpected times, as when I smelled her favorite food, lamb chops, cooking, or when I heard certain strains of music by Chopin, with its discreet merriment.

Fifth grade began with the creation of relief maps of the United States with a concoction of salt and baking soda and water, and camp soon faded from conscious memory. If you ask Christina or Maureen what they remember about our going away, they both say, “You were always going away and getting to do everything first. It just blends together.” Jacqueline maintains to this day that if camp was not the most traumatizing episode of her life, it was one of them.

Fifth grade was the last year that I remember playing, in that fierce way in which children’s play is its own work, almost a full-time calling.

In some ways, we raised ourselves, policing and admonishing each other as we dashed about in our unarchitected Keds, chomping on Bazooka, wielding what power we could due to superior strength or age. In a manner that is hard to imagine today, when our lives have too much asphalt to envision that much prairie, we roamed the outdoors, building forts, finding treasures like an old-tire swing deep in the woods, returning home at exactly six when the Congregational Church peeled its bells. We moved about in packs, tow-headed, cow licked, sticky-fingered proof of postwar prosperity.



NEW WAVE BY ELAINE DONOVAN BLAIR '64, GS'92

*A sculptor for more than 10 years, Elaine Donovan Blair '64, GS'92, says that once she carved her first piece of alabaster, she knew it was her life's work. "Some stones are totally abstract, while others are quite realistic," she says. "The end result is always an amalgam of what the stone 'allows' me to carve and what I am thinking about at the time. I never know what it will become until well into the 'rough-cut' phase of carving – making it a true adventure with each new stone."*

We foraged in neighbors' gardens for tomatoes and radishes and cukes in season, picking them from patches without permission, wiping the dirt on our shirts, entering their strange, sweet tart, juicy kingdoms. In the fall we gathered chestnuts and cracked their shells with the heels of our shoes. In the spring we dipped our fingers into the buckets collecting sap from maples. In June we sucked the juice from rhubarb.

In an occasional flurry of civic duty, we put on plays in the Town Hall, the plot of which never varied, thanks to Shauna and Sharlene Brooks, who were born the exact same day as Prince Charles: “The Trouble with Twins.” The proceeds went to the Red Cross, which was either our favorite charity or the only one we’d ever heard of. We played King of the Mountain on the huge piles of dirt that accompanied the constant construction projects of the fifties....

We were not daredevils, and so we were spared the worse fates. One late March day when the sun was struggling to be strong and we welcomed its silent caress, a gang went skating on the cow pond. The ice had a glassy blueness with an extra layer of liquid on top. Underneath it was bumpy and disappointing. It was especially unpleasant if you fell down because you soon felt the water soaking through your cloth parka and your wool leggings. We were sick of winter and wished for the disrobing of spring....

We joined hands and spun around, building enough momentum so that the last person on the line could be released into a glorious solo spin. We cracked the whip. When it was Jacqueline’s turn to be on the end, the usual cry of joy was canceled by a splash and a yelp. Her seamless glide had ended in a plunge. My sister’s head, swathed in a cap that tied beneath her chin, bobbed up and out of the water. Every piece of ice she grabbed broke off....

Her head went under again. We lay down on the wet ice, imitating the rescue scenes we’d seen on films in Health, forming a line. One of the Brooks twins was closest to Jacqueline, and she grabbed her by the arm, helping her to slither onto the surface, with all of us yanking her to the nearby bank. Tearing off our skates as quickly as our fear would permit, we helped Jacqueline with hers and shoved her boots onto her feet. We half carried her back to the barn at the edge of our backyard while someone raced into the house to get her some dry clothes.

We made a pact among ourselves, a vow of silence.

We were used to independence, used to the idea that what we did from three to six on school days and on the weekends and during the summer was our business.

Drowning was the worst thing, but being caught not drowning could very well be next in line. ■

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*Madeleine Blais was a Pulitzer Prize-winning reporter for The Miami Herald before joining the faculty of the School of Journalism at the University of Massachusetts. She is the author of In These Girls, Hope Is a Muscle and The Heart Is an Instrument, a collection of her journalism.*



# One Day, Then Another

By Orlando Warren SNR'94

After the funeral was over, after everyone had left, after the condolences, after all the amenities – fried chicken, potato salad, and enough spirits to float a small vessel – she stepped out into the fading September sun, and I tagged along, not knowing what else to do. The funeral was for my brother, Evan. He would have been twenty-nine in several days – plans were made for a party – then suddenly he was gone. And the woman, who at eighteen was only a child, who hadn't spoken in three days, who stood huddled like a mummy during and after the ceremony, at whose side I now walked, was his wife, Kallie.

I did not know her and had spoken to her only once, long distance, after their wedding. I'd been away at school; it was finals, so I couldn't leave. But Evan (who was ten years my senior) had often written me of her, so she wasn't a complete stranger. Evan had been a professor of English, and she was his favorite student. From his letters I knew, probably even before he, that he loved her. Once he even expressed the hope that I might find someone like her to love.

Evan was my only brother and my only kinsman; now there was only this girl dressed for mourning. A girl who pulled me into her steps, into her silence, a girl who hadn't acknowledged my presence, yet needed me as much as I needed her.

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there was only this girl dressed for mourning. A girl who  
pulled me into her steps, into her silence, a girl who  
hadn't acknowledged my presence, yet needed me as  
much as I needed her.

We walked for hours, no place in particular, walked till the sun was lost in the stars and kept moving through the autumn chill that had severed the trees of their leaves and the street of its noise. The only sounds other than an occasional passing car were in faint echoes of our steps turning over and over, reaching one corner, then the next, till finally, and without trying, we were in front of her door.

There she waited, staring inside the window, as if for some sign of a life that didn't exist; but there was only the darkness, the emptiness that was felt from where she stood. Then she leaned against a fence, and I watched her as if it were for the first time.

Kallie was dark, so dark that from a short distance she seemed almost featureless, like one of those African carvings; and as one neared, one saw skin that was as smooth as marble and as soft and scented as ripened fruit, filled with the mappings of her ancestors; the African nose and mouth, eyes black as berries, large as almonds, and hair which usually fell woolenly across her shoulders now tied in an ebony scarf made from the same cotton material as her dress, a dress that covered but couldn't conceal the lines of life lingering within it.

## LEGEND OF THE SAD JEWELS

By MARGARET ROCKWELL FINCH SNR'87

*I can give you nothing, he said, weeping.  
I can give you nothing save pain, save loss.  
No gold, no jewel, my love – but only dross.  
I set a shadow heart within your keeping.*

*Low he whispered in a broken voice:  
These arms about you never, and these eyes  
Never to leave the prison of disguise –  
Knowing the promise, yours must be the choice.*

*His warm tears fell upon her open hand  
And where each fell the jewels of his care  
Sprang into being, gold-set, flawless, rare.  
I will be yours, she said: I understand.*

*Grateful and glad, she knew her fingers curled  
Around the richest jewels in the world.*

And she was tall, and as fluid as water, and like water her limbs stretched and pooled. I could imagine my brother diving and disappearing in her darkening expanse.

They had been like flowers, whose earlier than usual spring now lay buried under an even earlier frost, And it wasn't fair. So brief was their love – my eyes began to fill with tears – was it because they were cheated or was it the wind whipping through the street? Turning, she saw me; then, screaming as if a knife had been plunged into her heart, she ran inside and locked the door. I banged, calling her name, but she didn't answer. And I was a little afraid to bang and call any louder because it was her grief and she had a right to spend it as she pleased. But I was even more afraid of what she might do if I stopped.

Then the lock clicked back and I went inside. She hadn't turned on the lights, but I could see her seated in front of a window; it framed her like an ebony silhouette, and as I approached, partly to see how she was, partly to prove she was real, I knew for the first time beauty could exist as sorrow.

A hand extended, but the darkness was so immense that for a moment it just hung there, as if waiting for the rest of itself to form. Then the hand found mine, but it wasn't hers. Then she shrieked and was suddenly standing. Then the roughness of the hand I held receded into the softness of her own, and the rest of her followed. The night was long; in it we were warm and happy and we didn't know why and we didn't care.

We stood, looking out the window; we stood there for hours; we stood there like children, counting the stars till they all flickered and gathered into one enormous sun. ■

*An Instructor at the School of New Resources' Brooklyn Campus and an Adjunct Associate Professor at Long Island University's Brooklyn Campus, Orlando Warren has had his poems and short stories published more than 100 times in Street Lights, Out of Brooklyn, New York Quarterly, Afrocentric Press, Black Romance, Downtown Brooklyn, and CNR's Sage and Phoenix.*

## School of Nursing Reaching Out to Benefit Children of New Rochelle

In an effort to help empower children in the New Rochelle community to learn how to manage chronic asthma problems, the School of Nursing has joined with the New Rochelle City School District and the American Lung Association of Hudson Valley in the Open Airways for Schools Program. The award-winning program, developed at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, teaches children ages 8-11 how to detect warning signs of asthma (including environmental factors that may trigger an attack), informs them of the actions to take to help prevent an attack, and empowers them to better manage their asthma.

"Since the School of Nursing was founded almost 30 years ago, our approach to nursing and healthcare has always been holistic," said Dr. Donna J. Demarest, School of Nursing Dean. "Open Airways for Schools is a natural partnership for us since it matches our philosophy of providing adults and children with the proper tools to take control of their long-term health."

Seven registered nurses studying Community Health Nursing at CNR have been trained to implement the Open Airways Program with children enrolled in several New Rochelle elementary schools. In six 40-minute lessons, the nursing students use group discussions, stories, games, and role play to help children learn these important concepts.

"To date, Open Airways for Schools has been used in thousands of schools nationwide," remarked JoAnn Gallagher, Asthma Coordinator, Hudson Valley Asthma Coalition. "This latest partnership shows a real commitment to ensuring that children are made part of the solution in dealing with what is unfortunately a very common medical condition."



*School of Nursing student Herma Pallard, RN, conducts a weekly lesson at Webster Elementary School as part of the Open Airways for Schools program.*

## Montefiore Nursing Supervisor Gives Keynote Address at CNR's Family Weekend



The College's annual Family Weekend — a long weekend of feasts and festivities — was highlighted by keynote remarks delivered by Jeanne Whelan DeMarzo SN'83 & '91, (pictured above), who spoke on how her CNR degrees had given her a solid foundation to begin her career and for her continued success. Today, DeMarzo is in charge of two units at The Albert Einstein College of Medicine in the Bronx, one of which is a state-of-the-art Neonatal Intensive Care Unit. She also supervises a labor and delivery unit that delivers 5,000 babies a year.





## High School Women Artists Honored

An annual tradition, the College once again honored several local high school women artists (seen above with CNR President Dr. Stephen J. Sweeny), as part of its High School Women Artists Exhibition in November. Now in its ninth year, the exhibit, sponsored by the College's Office of External Relations, Media & Photographic Services Department, and the SAS Art Department, was created to offer aspiring young female artists the opportunity to showcase their two- and three-dimensional works. This year's competition drew nearly 100 entries from high school juniors and seniors in 33 schools in Connecticut, Delaware, New Jersey, New York, and Kentucky.

SAVE THE DATE

DARK ROSALEEN

AN EXHIBIT OF PAINTINGS DEPICTING  
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BY ANNE THERESE DILLEN, OSU '58

JUNE 1-8, 2003

MOONEY CENTER EXHIBIT HALL

THE COLLEGE OF NEW ROCHELLE



## CNR Goes Wireless

Technological upgrades are paving the way to success for CNR students, faculty, and staff who can now browse the Internet, check email, perform research, or update online course materials from anywhere in Gill Library, the Mooney Center, Chidwick Hall, and the Student Campus Center through the use of a wireless Ethernet card. The new program is just one of many new pilot programs that CNR is using to further the integration of technology into teaching and learning.

"As technology becomes a more integral part of our lives, colleges must work hard to ensure that they enhance students' education as much as possible," says Dr. Ellen Curry Damato, Executive Vice President. "To us, that means providing the tools that will help facilitate lifelong learning and access to the latest technology. Our decision to go wireless will help ensure that CNR students, as well as faculty and staff, continue to reap the benefits of technology."

The wireless capability is expected to offer classroom instructors an enormous amount of flexibility because they will no longer be limited by location restrictions.

"Having this wireless capability is great," says Denise Tejada, a sophomore in the School of Nursing.

"Like most students today, I am always on the go – on and off campus. Being able to connect no matter where I am makes learning more accessible than ever before."

Adds Dr. Curry Damato, "Our long-term goal at CNR is to continue infrastructure improvements and provide wireless access at all our campuses and to integrate the use of technology in curriculum, regardless of the subject matter."

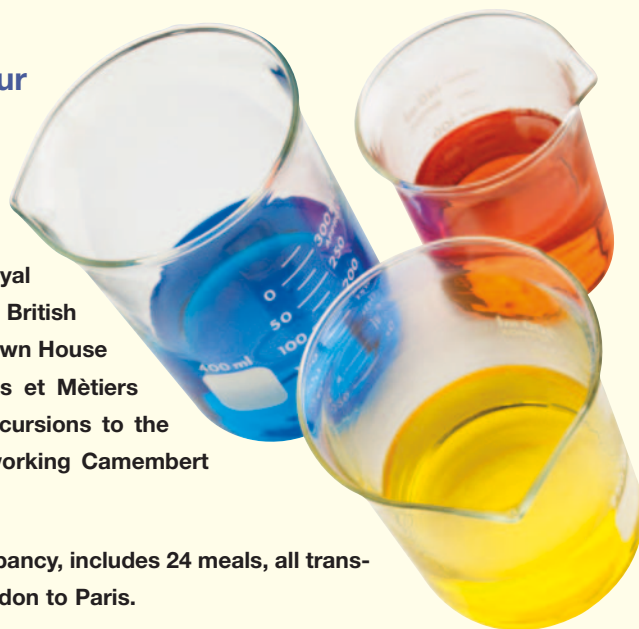
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**Eighth Biennial History of Science Study Tour**  
 in London & Paris  
 October 5 - 19, 2003

During the two-week tour, many sites of scientific interest will be visited, including: in London, the Science Museum, Old Royal Observatory, Royal Institution, National Maritime Museum, British Museum, and Natural History Museum; a day excursion to Down House (Darwin's Birthplace) and Canterbury; and in Paris, the Arts et Mètièrs Museum, Pasteur Museum, and Curie Institute; and day excursions to the International Stained Glass Institute at Chartres and to a working Camembert cheese farm in the Normandy countryside.

\$2,250 (excludes airfare) tentative cost based on double occupancy, includes 24 meals, all transfers within the two countries and travel by EuroStar from London to Paris.

For information, contact:

Mary Virginia Orna, OSU, Professor of Chemistry, The College of New Rochelle  
 (914) 654-5302 / email: mvorna@cnr.edu



## Hunger Banquet Raises Awareness of Global Problem

According to the United Nations, 13 percent – 800 million – of the world's population go hungry every day. In the United States, though the figures are less drastic, 31 million Americans daily go without something to eat.

Dramatizing these startling statistics was the goal of the Hunger Banquet, held at the College by its chapter of *Pax Christi* just days before Thanksgiving.

"People who come to our Hunger Banquet won't necessarily be feasting. What we do hope they walk away with is a greater understanding of the problems of global hunger and poverty and perhaps become motivated enough to do something about it," said Helen Wolf, Associate Director of Campus Ministry.

Those who signed up for the Banquet were divided into three economic groups, which replicated the reality of the world popu-

lation. The minority – about 15 percent – were treated to a full meal. Thirty percent were asked to sit at long tables with uncomfortable chairs and were served rice and beans. And the majority – 55 percent – sat on the floor with a small plate of rice.

"It really emphasized how many in our world go with little or no food at all," said Helen Wolf.

Groups were chosen completely at random to illustrate how people have no control over parentage and country of origin.

"The majority of the people sat on the floor," said Helen Wolf, "including CNR President Dr. Stephen J. Sweeney."

And though most participants didn't leave with full stomachs, they left with a lot to think about, as well as ideas on how to help others via an action booklet on how to fund-raise.

Believing that the Thanksgiving week was a particularly fitting time to illustrate the stark reality of world hunger, Helen Wolf concluded, "It makes a bigger impact at this time of year. The Thanksgiving meal can make up five or seven meals for the rest of the world."

– Lenore Carpinelli



Representing a small percentage of the population, students seated at the privileged "High Income" table were served by Director of Campus Ministry Terence McCorry, posing as the "pretentious maitre d" and Dawn Koelpin of Sodexho/ Marriot (rear left.)



## Healthy Campus 2010: Nursing Students Making a Difference

Once again, the School of Nursing took their show on the road, bringing Healthy Campus 2010 to the School of New Resources' John Cardinal O'Connor Campus in November. Hundreds of SNR students and faculty gathered information, took advantage of free screenings, and even enjoyed massages being offered at health and wellness exhibits developed by CNR nursing students.

The initiative, which began 18 years ago as the College's annual Health Fair, offers an opportunity to educate the community on health care issues. Several years ago, the School of Nursing adopted the objectives of "Healthy People 2010," the U.S. Department of Health's manuscript outlining the leading health indicators to be used to measure the health of the nation over the next 10 years, and Healthy Campus 2010 was born. With a commitment to broadened community outreach, Healthy Campus, a collaborative effort between Student Services and the School of Nursing, last year traveled to the Co-op City Campus and this year to the John Cardinal O'Connor Campus.

"Each year, students perform a needs assessment of a particular community – surveying community members, conducting interviews, and collecting data," says Nancy Cole, Assistant Professor of Nursing. "Based on the results of the assessment, the students identify the health priorities for that population, and we've proven that our assessments directly correlate with the leading indicators outlined in 'Healthy People 2010.'" This year in response to assessments made for the South Bronx, Healthy Campus addressed a wide range of health concerns, such as asthma, prostate cancer, child safety, diabetes, stress reduction, maternal/child health, and drug education.

Sherry-Ann Evanson, Terri-Ann McLean, Pooja Sachdeva, Festus Boanoh, Silifatu (Toyan) Raji, and Sherna-Kay Lobban, senior nursing students who graduated this past December, were the student leaders who made up the Healthy Campus 2010 committee. Working with the entire undergraduate population, many RNs and graduate students, and a task force comprised of nursing faculty co-chaired by Marie Serina, Director of Health Services, and Nancy Cole, the student leaders learned how to bring a major event from planning stage to fruition. "The event has evolved into a leadership program for senior nursing students who direct projects developed by undergraduates," says Marie Serina. "In other words, the students become the teachers."



John Cardinal O'Connor Campus Director Dr. Marguerite Coke (pictured third from left) "led the parade" for Healthy Campus 2010, welcoming more than 200 students and faculty to the event.



Bike safety was just one of the health issues addressed.

In developing the exhibits and planning for the event, the student leaders learned the importance of organizational skills and team building, and all felt a sense of accomplishment and professional growth that they are sure will contribute to their success as health professionals. "I enjoyed seeing the program grow from just ideas to a successful event. We all had a sense of satisfaction in helping people cope with serious health problems such as asthma," says Sherna-Kay Lobban. "It was a wonderful experience."

"Witnessing the growth of these six students was inspiring," says Nancy Cole. "They went from having no clue about leadership to working as a cohesive team of professionals." Co-chair Marie Serina agrees. "As dedicated professionals, this is what we are about – passing the torch of leadership," she says. "We consider it a privilege to work with senior nursing students. They are living proof – a beautiful representation – of the education provided by the School of Nursing."

Reflecting on his experience at the College, Festus Boanoh says, "Now I understand why the College advertises 'Wisdom for Life.' I've come to realize that education draws on your talents and challenges you as a person. We will all leave here more prepared as individuals, not only with regard to our skills, but our moral characters. This experience has touched all of our lives." – Irene Villaverde



Pausing for a photo before the events of the day began are (from left) CNR President Dr. Stephen J. Sweeny, Sylvia Bryant-Hamer SNR'90, GS'92, SNR Dean Elza Dinwiddie-Boyd, and Reverend Rey Diaz SNR'88.

## Continuing the Partnership of Lifelong Learning

**M**oving along the path of lifelong learning, dozens of SNR alumnae/i further strengthened their partnership with their alma mater when they came to the main campus in New Rochelle on a cold November morning for the day-long alumnae/i gathering, "Education for

Service." Encouraged to inspire more of their fellow alumnae/i to seek involvement in SNR by both CNR President Dr. Stephen J. Sweeny and SNR Dean Elza Dinwiddie-Boyd, who spoke of the "importance of the human capital that has allowed SNR's success to this

point," alumnae/i also received motivation from two alumnae/i who returned to share their stories of success.

Told she wasn't college material by a school counselor, Sylvia Bryant-Hamer SNR'90, GS'92, now the Assistant Deputy for Administration in the Office of New York State Attorney General Eliot Spitzer, has gone on to prove that counselor very wrong.

"A liberal arts degree is one of the best degrees you can have," said Ms. Bryant-Hamer. "Everything you learned at SNR, they're learning at ivy league schools. They're just paying more money to do it."

Tracing her career from secretary, to counselor at CNR, to the Westchester County Office of Women, to her current role, where she finally feels she is able to influence public policy in some way, she described the journey as difficult but worthwhile.

"All the challenges I have experienced have helped me to continue on with the struggle," she said. "When you get discouraged, look back to where you've come from to where you are now, and it will help you move on."

## Dr. Kay B. Clanton Discusses Benefits of the Liberal Arts

**M**ore than 200 students, faculty, and staff were in attendance at the Co-op City Campus in December as liberal arts education proponent Dr. Kay B. Clanton shared her insight on the benefits that come from getting a well-rounded education through a liberal arts program.

"A liberal arts education gives alternatives and choices," she said, "which is good because colleges often have to deal with students who change their minds in midstream." According to Dr. Clanton, a liberal arts education allows for the acquisition of basic core and generalized skills, builds insight, self esteem, confidence, initiative, communication skills, and knowledge of others. "Graduates of a liberal arts education are willing to learn, and to be flexible, responsible, and accountable. They are generalists who can fill in the gaps, who understand code switching."

With more than 30 years' experience as a health and human resource training expert, Dr. Clanton has worked with the Center for Youth and Community Studies at Howard University, consulted with a group of national educators to establish guidelines for Project Follow Through, a program used nationally in America's public schools, taught and coordinated the Psychology Internship Program for CUNY, and developed Developmental Dynamics, Inc., her own health and human resources firm.

"Dr. Clanton allowed us to see firsthand how a liberal arts degree can carry us through as we change throughout our lifetime," said student Pearl Sullivan, who believes this type of discussion should be mandatory for all incoming students.

Student Yvonne Kelsey, who is in her first semester at SNR, had an equally positive reaction. "Though I knew I wanted to get a degree, until I heard Dr. Clanton, I wasn't sure how a liberal arts degree would fit into my future goals. Now it's become really clear to me that this is indeed the degree I need to become well-rounded and successful." — *Judith Balfé*



Speaker Dr. Kay Clanton answers questions posed by students following her lecture.



"I never thought I would be where I am today, but remember everybody can make a difference in their communities. It doesn't have to be anything grandiose. If you've been helped along the way – give back."

Reverend Rey Diaz SNR'88 echoed Ms. Bryant-Hamer's remarks when he took the podium. Now the Pastor of the First Hispanic United Methodist Church in Madison, Wisconsin, Reverend Diaz, who first came to the School of New Resources as a recent immigrant from the Dominican Republic, gave credit for his current position to the education he had received.

"The instruction of my teachers in the School of New Resources exposed me to a whole new school of thinking and challenged my narrow way of looking at things," he said. "I learned to know myself, and that opened a world of opportunities for me."

Pastor of his tiny Hispanic church for the past three years, Reverend Diaz has been working hard to make a difference in the Madison community since arriving, advocating against the exploitation

of Latino workers, offering English as a Second Language classes to members of his congregation, and planning a day care center for Spanish-speaking families.

"My objective is to put my knowledge at the service of others," he said. "Knowledge means freedom, and when we use our knowledge to move people from feelings of worthlessness to those of self worth, they grow, they are transformed. I have made it my mission to make life better for others one community at a time."

Receiving enthusiastic applause for his commitment from those gathered in Maura Ballroom that morning, Reverend Diaz continued, "I believe everyone has a purpose, and to live life without finding that purpose is no living at all. I encourage you to reach out to others to set them on the path to learning, to education, and help them find their own purpose in life. Selfishness needs to be a thing of the past. There is no greater satisfaction than to give of yourself to others."

– Lenore Carpinelli



## Exhibit of Photographs of African Children at Gordon Parks Gallery

**A**fter decades of media coverage on natural disasters, civil wars, political violence, and bloodshed afflicting African countries, the perception of a typical child living on that continent is one of hunger, malnourishment, and disease. According to Dr. A. Olusegun Fayemi, the reality is that millions of children in African homelands are nurtured, educated, and brought up in very loving environments.

To shed some light on this widespread distortion, SNR's Gordon Parks Gallery at the John Cardinal O'Connor Campus is hosting the solo exhibit "Voices from Within: Photographs of African Children" featuring the photographs of Dr. Fayemi. The photographs celebrate the lives of African children: how they are nurtured and reared; the games they play; their adolescence and growing up years; their education; and their role within their families and immediate environment. His objective is not to deny the hardship that many African children have lived through but to illustrate how many have thrived despite the odds.

Exhibit viewing is by appointment only through May 30. For information, call (718) 665-1310.

## UPDATE ON NYTS CAMPUS

**A**fter more than 30 years in partnership with the New York Theological Seminary, recent circumstances have forced the relocation of both the Seminary and the School of New Resources campus from their home on West 29th Street in lower Manhattan. With the Seminary moving to facilities on 116th Street, which it will share with the Union Theological Seminary, the School of New Resources has opted to merge its NYTS Campus with its John Cardinal O'Connor Campus on East 149th Street in the South Bronx at the end of the Spring 2003 semester.

"Out of crisis comes opportunity," said SNR Dean Elza Dinwiddie-Boyd. "The recent move by the Sheriff's Department, which has long occupied the second floor of the John Cardinal O'Connor Campus, will allow the NYTS Campus to move together as a body to the South Bronx location."

And though the campus will no longer bear the name NYTS, the current students, as well as the faculty and staff, will still have the opportunity to remain together, or if they choose, move on to any one of the School of New Resources' six campus locations.

# Women and Philanthropy: Greater Influence, New Responsibilities

By Linda C. Hartley

A growing number of women are engaged in philanthropy. A major shift in gender and generational wealth is occurring as baby boomers age and as women outlive men by an average of seven years. What is really happening, and what difference will it make?

## Demographics and Wealth

A wealth transfer of at least \$41 trillion will take place in the United States by the year 2052, according to the Boston College Social Welfare Research Institute, despite the economic downturn and the fall of the equity markets. How much of this will be controlled or managed by women? Some estimates reach as high as 70 percent.

A recent study of Federal Reserve Board data revealed that women now control 51.3 percent of the personal wealth in the United States.

Women are assuming more control in private grant making. The Council on Foundations reports that in 1982, women ran approximately one fourth of the foundations in the United States; in 1999, the percentage increased to 52 percent.

More women are influencing private investments. Women account for 48 percent of mutual fund holders and 60 percent of the socially conscious investors.

Women own 8 million businesses in the United States, or one third of all firms. This has risen by 78 percent since 1987. At this rate, 40 percent of all firms will be female-owned by 2005.

The United States Census Bureau reported that in 1999 almost half of all women over 65 were widows, totaling 8.4 million, four times more than the 1.9 million widowers. Jennifer Openshaw, founder of the Women's Financial Network, says, "Any way you cut it, the largest bulk of assets will end up in the hands of women in the next ten years."

Clearly, women are gaining economically and closing the gender-based wealth gap. Time and sheer numbers are on their side.

## What Difference Can Women Philanthropists Make?

While gender differences in philanthropy play well in the popular press, the real question is: What difference will women make as they command a greater influence in philanthropy?

Women can continue to promote social change rather than uphold the status quo. They can play a larger role in creating a just and equal society—in their communities, their country, and around the world. For all the building and transfer of wealth, 66 percent of poor adults are women, women still earn 25 percent less than men do for the same work, and two thirds of women who work do so without the benefit of a pension. In addition, while a growing number of women run foundations,



Joan Henderson Cook '51 is a philanthropist, former business owner, and past CNR trustee. She believes that "education is the single most important factor in helping people achieve success, not only financially, but also in terms of personal fulfillment."

only 5.7 percent of foundation dollars support programs specifically serving women and girls.

Christine Grumm, former Executive Director of the Chicago Foundation for Women, says, "Men have always understood their economic power to bring about change—or maintain the status quo. Women have some real answers for problems facing our society, but there is not enough respect for their ideas. The reason is that we have not flexed our muscle enough in terms of money."

## CNR's Women Open Doors

The College of New Rochelle is an example of the power of women who act as a force for social change, through the generosity of spirit, time, and financial resources. From Saint Angela Merici of the 16th century to Mother Irene Gill in the 20th century, CNR's foundresses have unlocked countless



## Be a philanthropist – make a gift to CNR's Annual Fund

doors for women. Nearly 100 years later, thousands of alumnae/i continue to support the core values of the Ursuline tradition at CNR. It is the foundation and the beacon of the College's inclusive, value-based liberal arts education, with an enduring commitment to serving the larger good.

Joan Henderson Cook '51 is a philanthropist, former business owner, and past CNR trustee. She believes that "education is the single most important factor in helping people achieve success, not only financially, but also in terms of personal fulfillment. CNR represents the kind of education we believe in because it combines a liberal arts environment with professional training and ethical values."

According to Joan, her religious upbringing and education instilled in her the understanding that "charity is just the right and human thing to do." For women to be even more effective in promoting social change through finance and philanthropy, however, Joan believes they will need to expand their basic knowledge of finance and money management. "Women of my generation often own wealth in name only, through inheritance or a trust controlled by a spouse. This happens because most women, especially older women, are ignorant of money management. I think economics and finance should be required courses for both men and women."

In addition, "the entire population needs an intense indoctrination in the necessity of shared parenting, corporate responsibility for family needs, and the importance of children to society as a whole. Only in this way will women gain full economic equality."

### An Opportunity and Responsibility

The word philanthropy is derived from the Greek root, philanthropos, which means "loving human beings." The first definition of philanthropy in Webster's dictionary is "goodwill to fellowmen." Women of this generation and the next have the opportunity—and responsibility—to create a more enlightened and inclusive philanthropy and to recapture the spirit of its original meaning.

*For information about giving opportunities to The College of New Rochelle, including annuities and matching gifts, visit our website at [www.cnr.edu](http://www.cnr.edu) or call 914-654-5917.*

---

*Linda C. Hartley is President of Hartley Consulting and former President of Women in Development, NY.*

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- ★ Donors \$1-99

For more information about giving opportunities to The College of New Rochelle, including annuities and planned gifts, and a **new** link for corporate matching gifts, please visit our website at [www.cnr.edu](http://www.cnr.edu) or call 914-654-5917.

A postage-paid gift envelope is included with this issue of *Quarterly*.

**Annual Fund 2003 closes June 30.**

# Alumnae/i Association Board of Directors Candidates Announced

The following slate of officers, directors, and nominating committee members is presented for election. We are deeply indebted to members of the Nominating Committee, chaired by Judith Balfe SNR'89, GS'91 & '97, for their dedicated and earnest effort to formulate a slate that truly represents our alumnae/i body. Your endorsement on the ballot enclosed in this issue of *Quarterly* acknowledges these alumnae/i as your representatives.

## OFFICERS

Officers serve a two-year term and are eligible for reelection to one additional term.

### President

**Judy Kenny SNR'82**

### Vice President

**Mary Alice McGowan Byrnes '54**

### Secretary

**Kelley Allen SAS'98**

### Treasurer

**Meg Gardinier SAS'81**

## DIRECTORS

Annually, five Directors are elected for a term of three years.

### Susan Ball Larson '65

Pound Ridge, NY  
Homemaker  
Volunteer

### Julie Cyr SAS'88

Danbury, CT  
Senior Medical Research Associate  
Boehringer-Ingelheim Pharmaceuticals, Inc.  
Former Board of Directors  
Annual Giving Committee

### Rodney Samuels SNR'95 – Brooklyn

Jamaica, NY  
Coordinator of Security  
The College of New Rochelle – Brooklyn Campus  
Campus Alumnae/i Leader

### Mary Piitsas Hesdorffer SN'95

Bronx, NY  
Clinical Research Specialist  
Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center  
Former Nominating Committee Member  
*Quarterly* Editorial Committee

### Sharon Browne-Burrell SNR'02 – NYTS

Jamaica, NY  
Financial Consultant, Financial Comfort  
Dean's Ad Hoc Recruitment Committee

## NOMINATING COMMITTEE

Each year, three Nominating Committee members are elected for a term of two years.

### Brigidanne Flynn SAS'87

Newburgh, NY  
Document Specialist  
Follett Corporation  
Past Class News Agent

### Erin Devaney SAS'95, GS'00

Scarsdale, NY  
Special Education  
Eastchester School District  
Career Panel Participant

### George Walters SNR'90, GS'92

Cortlandt Manor, NY  
Program Director  
Woodfield Secure Detention Facility  
Member of American Correctional Association  
Member of Juvenile Detention Association  
Vice President of All Islands Association  
(Scholarship Fund)  
Member of the Even Exchange Club of Westchester  
Active alum at New Rochelle Campus  
Adjunct Instructor

## CONTINUING MEMBERS OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

In addition to the new slate, continuing their terms with the Alumnae/i Association are:

## Directors

*Term expires 6/2004*

Kelley Allen SAS'98  
Nora Bolger SN'01  
Mary Ellen Carty SAS'80, GS'91  
Catherine Collins Donohoe SN'84  
Jacqueline Leece SNR'95

*Term expires 6/2005*

Roberta Apuzzo SNR'92  
Sr. Martha Counihan, OSU SAS'67  
Margaret Slattery Dowd '61  
Barbara Krajewski GSN'98  
Gail Cooper Marrin '68, SNR'73

## Nominating Committee

*Term Expires 6/2004*

Ann-Marie Bendor SN'97  
Norvell Brandon SNR'91  
Anne Hunter MacArtney SAS'76

Nominations are accepted throughout the year in the Alumnae/i Office. Self nominations are strongly encouraged.

## RETIRING MEMBERS OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Special thanks to those who are retiring from service to the Board. They have contributed their creative ideas, thoughtful criticism, and generous spirits to strengthen our alumnae/i community.

## Directors

Renee Blackwell SAS'95  
Meg Gardinier SAS'81  
Angela Grille GS'79  
Judy Kenny SNR'82  
Sue Murphy SAS'73

## Nominating Committee

Janet Sarrantonio Blair SAS'74, GS'77  
Lela Keough Negri '56  
Curley Potter SNR'96

**To endorse the nominated slate, please complete and return the tear-out ballot in the front of this issue of *Quarterly*.**



## Watch Out! CNR Alumnae/i Driving at Internet Speed!

CNR alumnae/i now can interact and communicate with each other more easily than ever with the introduction of CNR Class Websites. A great new medium for building more meaningful connections with fellow classmates and staying connected to CNR, the websites will become increasingly more important as the College's Centennial approaches.

Three classes — 1962, 1963, and 1968 — already have sites up and running, and the classes of 1955, 1958, 1959, 1986, 1995, and 1999 are planning to introduce their sites in the near future. In addition, the College's Director of Academic Computing has graciously agreed to offer instructional classes free of charge to alumnae/i interested in creating a website for their class.

If you'd like to check out what your fellow alumnae/i have put together so far, feel free to visit the sites:

Class of 1962 – [www.angelfire.com/theforce/cnr62](http://www.angelfire.com/theforce/cnr62)

Class of 1963 – [www.geocities.com/easydragons](http://www.geocities.com/easydragons)

Class of 1968 – [www.angelfire.com/amiga2/cnr1968](http://www.angelfire.com/amiga2/cnr1968)

If you'd like more information about this exciting new opportunity, contact Nicole Totans, Assistant to the Director of Alumnae/i Relations, at 914-654-5266 or by email at [ntotans@cnr.edu](mailto:ntotans@cnr.edu).

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